The Outlook

Vol. 69 October 26, 1901 No. 8

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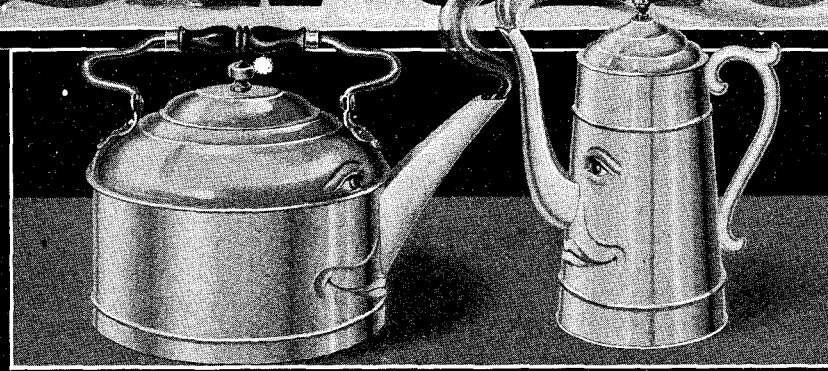

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The Outlook

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The New Hay-Pauncefote Treaty

It is now semi-authoritatively stated that the draft of the new Hay-Pauncefote treaty will be ready for the Senate when Congress meets in December. It embodies substantially the views contained in the amendments to the previous treaty adopted by the Senate of the United States, and it is understood that in the presentation of these amendments our Government has been met by England in a spirit manifesting a sincere desire to reach an agreement between the two countries on this subject. These amendments provide (1) that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is superseded by the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, (2) that the provisions in the treaty that the canal shall never be blockaded, nor shall any fortifications be erected commanding the canal and the adjacent waters, shall not prevent the United States from taking such measures as it may find necessary to secure by its own forces the defense of the United States and the maintenance of public order, and (3) that the clause is omitted calling the attention of other powers to the treaty and inviting their adherence to it. Substantially, these amendments are incorporated in the new treaty, which, if it be accepted, will supersede the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, guarantee the neutrality of the canal, and give to the United States, not, as has been reported, the right to fortify the canal, which would impose upon it an obligation to do so, but the right to take what measures may be necessary for the maintenance of public order and for the defense of the United States. The full terms of the new treaty cannot be reported until officially presented to the Senate.

❀

Secretary Gage's Currency Proposals

An important paper read before the annual Convention of the American Bankers' Association in Milwaukee last week was that of Secretary Gage urging a wider separation between "the Government's finance and our commercial affairs." In his introduction he quoted with approval a South American financial Minister, who urged the advantages of his own country's policy, of depositing the treasury surplus with eight large banks, and permitting these banks to issue paper money up to a certain percentage of their assets without requiring them to buy Government bonds to secure the notes issued. In this country, since the days of Jackson and Van Buren, we have, in name at least, pursued the policy of keeping the surplus locked up in the vaults of the "independent treasury system," thus reducing the amount of money in circulation, and since the days of the Civil War have required the banks to invest a part of their capital in Government bonds to secure the notes they issued, thus still further reducing the amount they could lend to their patrons. The Secretary did not overlook the advantage which the bond-purchase requirement gives to our Government in borrowing money—much of its debt now costing it but 1½ per cent., while European governments are paying three per cent.—but he believed that the banks could be enabled to handle the Treasury surplus and lend a larger part of their own capital, and supply the paper currency of the country without loss or danger to the public. His programme he summarized in the following propositions expressing his convictions:

First—I believe it to be most desirable that the demand liabilities of the Government known as legal-tender notes should be put in the way of retirement and cancellation.

Second—I believe that this can be accomplished without any burden of interest cost to the public Treasury.

Third—I believe that our system of bank-note circulation can be, and ought to be, so modified as to make it more responsive to commercial and industrial requirements, without any increase of risk to the bill-holder.

Fourth—I believe that, beyond acting as a

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guardian and trustee for the people in relation to National banks, the Government guarantee to bank-note issues should cease.

Fifth—I believe that the public moneys in excess of a reasonable working balance for daily use should be deposited in National banks. That a simple and safe system of distribution of funds can be devised I have no doubt.

Sixth—I believe that in periods of National peace and prosperity the public revenue should be somewhat in excess of public expenditure, and that the surplus revenue should be applied to the reduction of the public debt.

❀

The Retirement of the Greenbacks

The feature of this programme which will awaken the most criticism, whether favorable or adverse, is the proposal that the greenbacks be retired. This proposal has often been made before, but usually has been weighed down by the accompanying proposal to issue interest-bearing bonds to raise the money wherewith to redeem the non-interest-bearing greenbacks. Secretary Gage seems to avoid this difficulty by calling attention to the enormous surplus now in the Treasury, which would itself suffice to pay off two-thirds of the greenbacks, and by proposing to pay off the remainder out of surplus revenues as they accumulate. He proposes, furthermore, that the banks be required to pay two per cent. interest upon the surplus deposited with them in the future, and points out that if this rate had been paid on the average surplus in excess of an ample reserve for the past thirty years ($50,000,000), the Government would have saved $32,000,000. Over against this, however, must be set the fact that during these thirty years it has kept in circulation $250,000,000 worth of greenbacks over and above the gold reserve against them, and thereby has saved interest payments on its bonds to the amount of over $7,500,000 a year, or over $200,000,000 in all. Furthermore, it is also to be recalled that those who oppose the depositing of public funds with private institutions do not believe that an excessive surplus should be locked up in the Treasury vaults, performing no service to the business community and yielding no interest to the Government. The ideal of the independent treasury system inaugurated by Jackson and Van Buren was to divorce the Government from embarrassing and corrupting relations with the banks, and its advocates believe in reducing taxation or paying off debt whenever an excessive surplus begins to accumulate in the Treasury vaults. It is generally quite as practicable for the Government to save two per cent. by using its surplus to buy up interest-bearing bonds as by depositing it at two per cent. with the banks. The larger question broached—whether the Government or the banks ought to control the circulating medium of the country—will come up for later discussion.

❀

The Lake Mohonk Conference

In the tortuous course of Indian affairs in this country one straight step has been taken since the Lake Mohonk Indian Conference met last year—a step urged by that Conference and quickened by the diligence of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. That is the issuance of regulations for licensing and solemnizing the marriages of Indians, for keeping family records, and for the prevention of polygamy. The practical need of such records is seen in the fact that in one tribe alone out of eight hundred allotments of land in severalty some three hundred are now left without known legal heirs. When we consider that more than eight and a half million acres of land have now been allotted to at least fifty-five hundred Indians, the possibility of endless inheritance difficulties is evident. The wonder is that among the hundreds of regulations sent to agents in past years the records show none with reference to some of these most vital points, though, on her own initiative, Miss Alice C. Fletcher always made such records when she was allotting land to the Indians. Many agents welcome this attempt at better system, and, with their hearty co-operation, the Indian family will soon assume a more important place than it has held in recent years in its relation to white civilization. There is still work enough for the Mohonk Conference, which held its annual session last week. It spoke with no uncertain sound of the evils of Senatorial privilege as it reviewed the list of agencies which last year it was hoped would be closed forever, and which would have been had the House of Representatives alone been consulted. One by one the agencies the abolition of which

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was recommended by the House Committee as having outlived their usefulness were galvanized into life by the Senate, and only three were laid quietly and decently to rest. Reliable witnesses at Mohonk related the story of many men earning their own living, conducting their own affairs, entitled to vote, and in other ways acting as American citizens, who are still subject to the Indian agent, who dictates to them after the manner of an autocrat. The opinion expressed by various members of the Conference that at least ten agencies ought to be closed at once was corroborated by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, whose presence and whose clear, unmistakable, and sound words added immensely to the value of the meeting. The same may be said of the Hon. James Sherman, Chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs of the House of Representatives. The words of such men should go far toward molding public opinion, especially with the not-to-be-shaken assurance that President Roosevelt will lead in that public opinion with reference to the wisest methods of dealing with the Indian and other needy races.

❀

The Conclusions of the Conference

The three days of the Conference were rather impartially divided between the various needy races that have come under the responsibility of the United States Government, and some of the problems involved—their education, their homes, their industries, their land, and their religion—were discussed more or less fully. The upshot of the whole matter was embodied as follows in the platform, which was adopted unanimously and sympathetically: "Loyalty to the American spirit requires us so to organize and administer government over dependent peoples as will most speedily prepare them for self-government. All men under American sovereignty, whatever their race or religion, should be treated as equals before the law, amenable to the same legal penalties for their offenses, and secured in the same legal protection for their rights. The principle recognized by all legal experts in social science, and abundantly confirmed by American experience, should prevent the Federal Government from granting any permanent franchises in any of our territories. Lands which have come or shall come into the possession of the United States should be held in trust for the people of the territory, and, as far as practicable, should be disposed of to actual settlers in the spirit of the homestead laws. In all territories of the United States the Federal Government should see that public schools are provided under Federal control, and, when necessary, at Federal expense, for the education of all children of school age, until permanent governments are organized abie to provide and maintain such schools. The Christian religion is the basis of Christian civilization, and the new opportunities opened before the American people, and the new responsibilities laid upon them, demand the co-operation of all the Christian churches in an endeavor to inculcate the principles and impart the spirit of the Gospel of Christ. In brief, the object of action, whether governmental, philanthropic, or religious, should be to secure to these dependent peoples just government, righteous laws, industrial opportunities, adequate education, and a pure and free religion."

❀

Most, the Anarchist, Convicted

The conviction of John Most, the editor of "Freiheit," for the publication of the article "Murder vs. Murder," which was described in our issue of September 21, shows that the present law against incitements to crime comprehends printed as well as spoken offenses. The article for which Herr Most was arraigned before the Court of Special Sessions in New York City was written half a century ago by another Anarchist, and merely happened to be reprinted in "Freiheit" the week of the President's murder, but it contained such clauses as the following:

> As despots permit themselves everything, betrayal, poison, murder, etc., in the same way all this is to be employed against them. Yes, crime directed against them is not only right, but it is the duty of every one who has an opportunity to commit it, and it would be a glory to him if it was successful. Murder as a necessary defense is not only permissible, but it is sometimes a duty toward society when it is directed against a professional murderer. We say murder for murderers; save humanity through blood and iron, poison and dynamite.

There was no specific section of the Penal Code prescribing the penalty for such

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utterances as these unless made at a public meeting, or unless overt crime were the direct result, but the Court adjudged the editor guilty of violating general section 675, which was appended to the Code to provide for offenses not specifically designated therein, and thus, as the Court said, give the Code "a little of the flexibility of the common law." This general section reads as follows:

A person who willfully and wrongfully commits any act which seriously injures the person or property of another, or which seriously disturbs or endangers the public peace or health, or which openly outrages public decency, for which no other punishment is expressly prescribed by this code, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Justice Hinsdale, who presided at the Court and wrote the opinion on which the decision was based, distinguished sharply and clearly between appeals to the community to establish Anarchism by peaceful means and appeals for its establishment through crime. "A person," said the Court, "may advocate any change of our government by lawful and peaceful means, or may criticise the conduct of its affairs and get as many people to agree with him as he can so long as he does not advocate the commission of crime as the means through which he is to attain his end." There is no limitation whatever upon the right of free speech as championed by Jefferson—the right to advocate even error where truth may have the opportunity to combat it. There is merely a limitation upon the wrong of advocating crimes, against which the public cannot protect itself by the methods of free debate. It is to preserve freedom of speech for all, that incitements to crime by any are condemned. Herr Most was sentenced to one year's imprisonment. The chief defect in this law appears to be that it does not prescribe a sufficiently severe sentence for incitement to murder. This ought to be a felony, not a mere misdemeanor.

❀

A Spoilsman's Confession

The prospects of the fusion tickets in Pennsylvania have been greatly improved by the events of the present month. In the first place, the Democratic candidate for State Treasurer has resigned in favor of the Union or anti-machine Republican candidate, thus bringing about complete fusion upon the State ticket. In the second place, the disgraceful action of the Democratic machine in Philadelphia, in nominating a straight party ticket to insure victory for the allied Republican machine, provoked such a storm of indignation among Democrats throughout the State that the committee appointed by the Democratic State Convention to deal with the situation in Philadelphia has voted unanimously to annul the action of the city convention and to create an entirely new Democratic organization in the city of Philadelphia, with ex-Governor Pattison at its head. As the new organization represents the larger as well as the better part of the party, its support of the fusion city ticket is incomparably more valuable to the fusion movement than that of the regular Democratic Convention could have been, since its support of fusion would have given the Republican machine an opportunity to appeal effectively to party prejudices. They are appealing to these party prejudices as it is, but some of their appeals have merely afforded campaign material to the fusionists. One of them deserves attention all over the Nation, for it discloses as few things do the true inwardness of spoils politics everywhere. Vice-Chairman David H. Lane, in an address to the party workers of the Nineteenth Ward, urged them to vigorous effort by these words:

The cohesive power of the organization is offices. We have ten thousand office-holders, and they are all ours. Under the present Administration no man can get an office unless he is loyal to the organization. Only to-day the organization voted $40,000 for tax receipts. How could we do that if we did not have the office-holders? If you want office or preferment in political life, you have to get it through the organization. The office-holders are the backbone of the organization. We have all the office-holders, and we want to keep them. Poles, Hungarians, Italians, and other foreigners when they come here vote the Republican ticket. Why? Because we have the offices, and they expect favors from office-holders. In New York they vote for Tammany for the same reason. Our organization bears the same relation to Philadelphia that Tammany does to New York. If we would keep these voters, we must retain control of the offices. Foreigners know they cannot get favors except through our organization.

This is a curious and unexpected indorsement of what has often been said by advocates of honesty in government, that there is no appreciable difference between

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a Democratic machine in New York and a Republican machine in Philadelphia; both exist simply for the spoils. The family resemblance between the methods of the two machines is so striking that the Philadelphia Republican machinists themselves recognize it.

❀

Personal Registration in Pennsylvania The voters of Pennsylvania will have an opportunity of opening the way for an adequate registration law at the coming election, an amendment to this end having been passed by the last two sessions of the Pennsylvania Legislature. The amendment in question has had a checkered, up-hill career. Introduced at the session of 1897 by Mr. Clinton Rogers Woodruff, it was defeated. Reintroduced in the session of 1899, as a result of persistent efforts its adoption was secured by both houses, it being the only genuine reform passed by that Legislature. Governor Stone, however, attempted to veto it, and the Municipal League instituted proceedings to determine the right of the Governor to take such action. When the case reached the Supreme Court, Mr. Woodruff was assisted by a number of prominent attorneys, including Mr. Henry Budd, who is now the candidate of the Municipal League and Union party for Judge in the campaign now being waged in Philadelphia for the defeat of the machine. The Supreme Court unanimously sustained the contention of the League that an executive had no right to veto a proposed Constitutional amendment. The session of 1901 agreed to the amendment for a second time, and now it comes before the voters for approval. The Democratic party, the Municipal League, and the Union party have formally indorsed the amendment, and the Republicans seem to have withdrawn their opposition, Governor Stone in a recent speech at Pittsburg intimating that there would be no organized resistance to it. Personal registration is greatly needed in the cities of Pennsylvania—the number of fraudulent votes in Philadelphia being often reckoned by the tens of thousands. The amendment is permissive in character, but is certain to be followed by legislation making personal registration mandatory, save in the rural districts, where every voter is personally known by his neighbors.

❀

Direct Primaries in Boston The brief experience of Boston with a new primary election system has been so satisfactory that at the Democratic State Convention, October 4, a plank was adopted for a great extension of the system. The situation in the Boston Senatorial districts had become particularly bad by reason of the trading of politicians in the different wards and by the manipulation of delegates. In the Legislature of 1901 a petition was presented for the abolition of Senatorial conventions in the county in which Boston is situated—which included nine out of the forty Senatorial districts in the State—and for the substitution of a system of primary elections within the respective parties. This petition had a Democratic origin, but was put into law by a Republican Legislature and signed by a Republican Governor, so that there is no partisanship in the reform thus far. By this act the voters in their respective ward caucuses vote for nominees of their parties to go on the ticket to be voted for on the Australian ballot at the State election in November. After the caucuses the figures for all the wards in a Senatorial district are added, and the man who has the highest number of votes is the party nominee for State Senator. The party member of the State Committee is also elected by the several caucuses in the same way, there being one member for each Senatorial district. This system went into effect in Boston this year, and it has proved so satisfactory that an effort is expected at the coming session of the Legislature to extend it to the whole State. The Democratic plank on the point was as follows:

> We favor the establishment by law, in place of separate party caucuses, of a single primary election, conducted under the regular election laws, at which all party candidates or delegates shall be chosen by means of the Australian ballot. Such a measure is the logical conclusion of a course of legislation tending steadily toward that end; it would greatly simplify and purify the operation of nominating machinery and increase public interest in party action.

The Convention went so far in its indorsement of primary elections in place of dele-

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gate conventions that it demanded the application of the new system in all cases below the State Convention, and even favored the nomination of candidates on the State ticket by primary election when five per cent. of the voters desire that method. The practical success of the experiment this year in Boston is the essential fact in this matter, looking at it historically. The people have had their fill of delegate conventions.

❀

A Social Evangelism Typical of the present age is the modern missionary journey on which Dr. Tolman, of the League for Social Service, has just started. In Philadelphia last week he began a series of visits to the leading commercial centers of the country, taking to them the message of economic peace and good will. As Dr. Tolman stated the other day in addressing a club of manufacturers: "I am not here to give you theories nor to draw conclusions, but to tell you facts, plain, simple facts. From them you can draw your own conclusions." Then, by photographs upon the screen and by accounts not less vivid, he showed his hearers what is being done in the world of labor to make the conditions of the laborer while he works and after he has worked worthy in character and condition to be reckoned a citizen of the Republic. Through the Industrial Betterment Department of the League for Social Service Dr. Tolman is in touch with employers, not only in this country but abroad, who endeavor to follow the Golden Rule in their relations with their workpeople, and he has visited many of the establishments where the worker is regarded less as a machine than as a man, and where, by baths and luncheon facilities, neighborhood improvement societies and clubs, educational and benefit associations, and the like, opportunities for self-development are afforded him. One of the latest testimonies to the strength of such amity came in a letter to Dr. Tolman from an Ohio manufacturer who wrote: "We always endeavor to treat our employees as men with the same feelings, hopes, and rights as ourselves, and to consider that we are all of us one great family with mutual interests." The manufacturer then described a recent panic in which concerns in his locality were failing. One morning a deputation of the men called at his office; from their serious faces he apprehended trouble, but the spokesman stated that they had come with a request to which they hoped he would accede; neighboring firms were failing, the warehouses were full of unsold goods, they had received fair wages and had been able to save what, though individually small, still aggregated a considerable sum, which they placed at the disposal of the company if it were needed. It is such facts as these that Dr. Tolman will present to his audiences South and West, to Chambers of Commerce and Merchants' Associations. For all organizations interested in these lines of development this is an opportunity to hear Dr. Tolman speak on Industrial Betterment, as he will give the address, where it is wanted, practically without expense, save for audience-room. Dr. Tolman will go as far North as Minneapolis, expecting to reach San Francisco by the 13th of November. His homeward journey will lie through the Gulf States.

❀

Governor Pillsbury By the death of ex-Governor Pillsbury, of Minnesota, that State loses one of its foremost citizens, and the great Northwest one of the hardy pioneers who have made it what it is. John Sargent Pillsbury was a New Hampshire boy, and received only a common-school education. He learned the painter's trade, but did not work long at it as an actual employment, leaving it for several years of merchant-tailoring in Concord. In 1855 he removed to what was then St. Anthony, now a part of Minneapolis, Minn. Here he took up the hardware business and prospered amazingly, as will be seen from the fact that, only a few years later, the fire which destroyed his store caused him a loss of thirty thousand dollars. He recovered, however, quickly from this blow. He early became interested in local politics, and was elected a member of the City Council of St. Anthony. On the outbreak of the Civil War he organized the First, Second, and Third regiments of Minnesota Volunteers; and, in 1862, with other patriotic citizens, raised and equipped a mounted guard to suppress the Indian outbreak in the North-

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west. The next year he became a Regent of the University of Minnesota; and it was almost entirely due to the energy and the donations of the new Regent that the University was rescued from its poverty and entered on its new and larger life. In the same year Mr. Pillsbury was elected to the United States Senate, and served almost continuously in that body until 1876, when he began the first of his three terms as Governor of Minnesota. Meanwhile his business interests had steadily increased and broadened; his name is now most widely known as a manufacturer of flour, though he was also greatly interested in real estate, lumber, railways, and banking. He was a model employer of labor; and in all his endeavors, commercial, educational, or political, he was ever before the people as a typical example of the hardy and enterprising pioneers who have laid the foundations of the great Northwest.

❀

Trust Subsidies to Exclude Competition

The Pittsburg "Post" publishes the gratifying statement that the United States Steel Corporation has decided to discontinue the subsidies which some of its constituent companies have been paying to manufacturers of machinery on condition that they would make no machinery for competing firms. The subsidiary companies mentioned as having pursued this harmful method of preventing competition are the American Tin Plate Company and the American Sheet Steel Company. Each of these companies, it is explained, at the time of its organization entered into agreements with the manufacturers of the machinery it used, guaranteeing them more business than they had hitherto done, provided they would make no machinery for independent concerns. Such agreements, of course, were contrary to public policy, and would not have been enforced in the courts if either party had complained, but inasmuch as both parties thought them advantageous they were not brought before the courts. The aggregate amount paid in subsidies to the machinery manufacturers is stated to have been "somewhere near $1,500,000" annually, and the amount was steadily increasing because new firms were entering the business of making machinery for the independent tin-plate and sheet-steel companies, and these new firms had to be subsidized in order to limit their operations. "This," says the "Post," "was the state of affairs that was found to exist when the United States Steel Corporation was formed and took hold of the management of the individual corporations." Its officials decided to discontinue the policy of paying subsidies as soon as present contracts expire, and to permit the machinery manufacturers thereafter to get business where they can. Unfortunately, the contracts have still from two to three and a half years to run, but thereafter, according to the "Post," the United States Steel Corporation expects to keep its business by superior methods of production, without paying subsidies to exclude small competitors from the field. The figures given in the "Post's" article regarding the amount of the subsidies now paid seem incredibly large, but the fact that subsidies have been paid is said to have been openly discussed for months. Such subsidies constitute one of the worst of the methods by which trusts have aroused popular hostility, and anti-trust legislation which would make contracts to pay such subsidies perilous to both parties would command practically universal support.

❀

The Yale Bicentennial

The exercises of the Yale bicentennial celebration are taking place as we go to press, and an adequate account of the occasion must be deferred until next week. The graduates and undergraduates have united to make the occasion a memorable one in every way. As early as Monday morning it was reported that six thousand Yale men were in New Haven, including graduates and undergraduates, and the number was increased by every train coming in. The formal commemorative exercises occur on Wednesday at the Hyperion Theater. There will gather an audience including the President of the United States, delegates from American, English, and German universities, and other distinguished guests in great numbers. The commemorative poem is to be read by Edmund Clarence Stedman, the commemorative address by the Hon. David J. Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, and a unique

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feature of the exercises will be the singing of the Greek Festival hymn written by Professor Goodell and set to music by Professor Parker. The entire programme lasts from Sunday to Wednesday. The most notable exercise on Sunday was the address by Professor Fisher on "Yale in its Relation to Christian Theology and Missions," while the sermons at the city churches by the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, Dr. Newman Smyth, Dr. Joseph Anderson, Bishop Andrews, and others all had reference to the occasion. A liberal number of out-of-door and spectacular features are part of the jubilee exercises, notable among which may be named the great torchlight procession of Monday night, the out-of-door tableau and singing on the college green on Tuesday night, the special football games, the elaborate procession of Wednesday, and the harmonious and beautiful scheme of decoration followed by both the University and the town. About all these matters and other notable features staff correspondents will write next week.

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Political Instruction in Colleges

It is one of the notably hopeful signs of the times that the President of the United States and the sole living ex-President of the United States should be so greatly interested as they both are in securing a more active participation in public life by men of the highest moral and intellectual character. Ex-President Cleveland's two addresses at Princeton last season were widely reported and widely commented on at the time, and deservedly so. They furnish a fine example of what a public man may legitimately do to elevate practical politics by his treatment of it before academic students and in an academic atmosphere. The effort of Mr. Roosevelt in the same direction is not so generally known. Last summer, when the public supposed he had been taken out of practical politics by his election to the Vice-Presidency, and when, therefore, he had a freedom of action in non-partisan ways which he might not otherwise have possessed, he invited to his house in Oyster Bay a number of college men to consider the question whether it might not be practicable to start a movement for the better understanding, in our colleges, of the civic and political conditions of the country, and to enlist young college men in practical work for the improvement of conditions in political life. About twenty young men, most of them college graduates, attended this conference. Among older men invited were Assistant Secretary of War William Cary Sanger, Jacob A. Riis, James R. Reynolds, of the University Settlement, Judge John Proctor Clarke, Judge Franklin Bartlett, ex-Fire Commissioner James R. Sheffield, Assemblyman Alford Warriner Cooley, and ex-Assemblyman Regis H. Post. No definite plan was proposed and no organization was formed. Indeed, the judgment of the conference appeared to be that different methods must be pursued in different colleges. The general purpose, as outlined by Mr. Roosevelt and cordially agreed to by his confrères, was to secure addresses at different colleges by men of high character who had achieved practical success in politics, and who would supplement the political instructions of the professors by counsels derived from actual experience in dealing with men. Whether such addresses should be delivered in public halls to general audiences, or in connection with class instruction to classes engaged in the study of political science, or in still smaller conferences to an elect few, where opportunity would be given for question and answer, was left to be determined as circumstances might indicate, and perhaps differently determined in different institutions. But a reasonable hope was expressed that out of this movement there might grow some inspiration which would tend, on the one hand, to introduce higher ideals into practical politics, and, on the other, to introduce more practical considerations into theoretical and philosophical instruction. The Outlook hopes that this plan will not be suffered to fall into abeyance because Mr. Roosevelt can no longer act as its sponsor or promoter. We trust that others will take up and carry on the work.

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Recent Plays

The number of morally clean plays being brought out this autumn in the theaters of New York City is encouraging to those who believe, with The Outlook, that the drama is a legiti-

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mate form of art, and that the theater will respond to any pressure from popular taste in the direction of workmanship and wholesome interpretation of life. The immediate success of Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's "If I Were King" proves, what does not stand in need of proof, that a play which is at once a good acting drama and good literature is likely to succeed far better than a play which is artistically and morally shabby. The appearance of Sir Henry Irving anywhere is always significant of the popular interest in the best dramatic art, and on Monday of this week Sir Henry began another long American tour. Perhaps no play which is now being offered to the New York public is more wholesome in its teaching or more attractive in its general atmosphere than "The Bonnie Brier Bush." This play presents a group of those delightful Scotch folk whom Ian Maclaren has drawn with so skillful and sympathetic a hand. The story is full of simple human interest and pathos; and the chief figure, the old Scotch shepherd, Lachlan Campbell, is presented with dignity, simplicity, and force by Mr. J. H. Stoddard, a conscientious and very intelligent actor, who, it is said, proposes to bring his long career to a close in the presentation of a character which has drawn out all his latent power. The story is a new rendering of the lesson which the world needs to learn in every generation—that love should be united with integrity, tenderness, and infinite patience. Such a play as "The Bonnie Brier Bush" is for some people very much more effective than a sermon; and the success of such plays will do more than anything else to reinforce the ethical possibilities of the drama. It may be said in passing that while Postie's fun is admirable, his bottle is a little too much in evidence.

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A Tempest in a Teapot It is to be hoped that sensible people will not overestimate the importance of the extremely diminutive tempest in an extremely diminutive teapot which was let loose by the action of the President of the United States in inviting as his guest at his dinner-table in the White House a gentleman who is the head of one of the most important educational institutions in the United States, who has received the highest honors from the oldest university in the country, who is a person of liberal education, and who has been welcomed abroad in circles from which some of his critics would be ruthlessly excluded. This criticism is in no way representative of the real South—the South of intelligence, generosity, and true breeding; it is a survival in a few persons, who have not had opportunities of large contact with the world, of a prejudice which has been antiquated these many years, and which to cultivated people abroad is incomprehensible. The President of the United States is a gentleman who may be trusted to maintain the best social traditions much more thoroughly than most of his critics because he is more familiar with them; he may also be trusted to maintain the right of an American gentleman, even if he happens to be President of the United States, to select his own guests and invite whom he chooses to sit at his table. Those who know Mr. Booker T. Washington honor, among other admirable qualities shown in a great career, his tact and his effacement of himself; he is the last man to attempt to force himself into any social position. It is a pity that his critics have not had the same refinement of true breeding.

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The Pan-American Congress The Pan-American Congress, which is to convene on Tuesday of this week in the City of Mexico, may be an event of far greater importance in the world's history than appears on the surface. The Outlook will be represented at this Congress by a Special Commissioner, Mr. Thomas R. Dawley, Jr. The invitation of the Mexican Government to the Congress to meet in the Mexican capital asks that delegates be specifically instructed on the following points: (1) Measures which tend to preserve peace and to enhance the prosperity of the several American States. (2) Measures directed toward the formation of an American customs union, under which, as far as shall be possible and profitable, reciprocal trade among American nations shall be promoted. (3) The establishment of frequent and regular communication between the ports of the several American States, in connection with which the estab-

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lishment of an intercontinental railway will be suggested. (4) The adoption by all the States of a uniform system of customs laws to govern the mode of importing and exporting merchandise and the payment of port dues and charges. The establishment of a uniform method in all American countries for the classification and valuation of merchandise and a uniform system of invoicing. The sanitation of ships and quarantine. (5) The adoption of a uniform system of weights and measures and of laws to protect patents, trade-marks, and copyrights, so that the rights of the citizens of each country shall be respected in all others. In this section may also be considered the establishment of uniform regulations concerning the extradition of criminals. (6) The adoption by each Government of a common coin which shall be legal tender in the reciprocal commercial transactions among citizens of all the American States. (7) An agreement upon a definitive plan of arbitration which shall embrace all questions, disputes, and differences that now exist or that may arise among the different American States, so that all difficulties and questions among those States may terminate pacifically. It may be said that the above subjects were considered to some extent at the last Pan-American Congress. It will be recalled, however, that only a few of them were acted upon at the meeting of that Congress in Washington eleven years ago. Final action would seem to be more probable on all of them now than then, since general conditions are more propitious.

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Brigands and Missionaries Last week news came from Miss Stone and Madame Tsilka, the imprisoned missionaries in the Balkan Mountains, that they were comfortable, although kept in a cave, and that a child had been born to Madame Tsilka. The wild country handicaps those who are seeking for the brigands, and heavy rains have increased the difficulty of traversing paths which are the only means of access to their hiding-places. At this season of the year thick mists generally envelop the region, preventing even experienced woodcutters, shepherds, and mountaineers from going about. The mountain summits are already capped with snow, extending some distance down. Mr. Dickinson, United States Consul at Constantinople, remains at Sofia, the Bulgarian capital, and still maintains that the responsibility for the crime rests with the Macedonian Committee, composed of Bulgarians, and hitherto unopposed by the Bulgarian Government. Even if the crime were committed in Turkey and Miss Stone held on Turkish soil, he supposes that the actual kidnapping was done by the Macedonian Committee, who wish not only ransom, but also to call attention to the disturbed state of Macedonia, thus making some kind of intervention necessary and ultimately delivering that province from Ottoman misrule. The Bulgarian Government has again protested against this assumption, declaring that if any Turkish brigands succeed in entering Bulgaria, the Government will pursue and annihilate them, but that it will not enter into negotiations to obtain Miss Stone's release by paying a ransom, as it does not wish to establish a precedent for the many robbers infesting Macedonia to turn to Bulgaria whenever it seems to their advantage. M. Saratov, Bulgarian Minister of the Interior, adds: "We are determined to make an example to deter robbers from such speculations; it will then no longer be possible to accuse Bulgaria of harboring secret committees which organize for kidnapping foreigners in Turkey and removing them to Bulgaria, there peacefully to enjoy the ransom they extort." The United States Department of State has renewed its efforts, not only with Turkey and Bulgaria, but also with the Russian Foreign Office, in view of the remarkable power which that office is now exercising both at Sofia and at Constantinople.

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The Episcopal Convention The general constitution of the Episcopal Convention makes it almost necessarily a conservative body; and this conservatism has operated to prevent the various changes that have been proposed, whether emanating from the Broad or the High Church party. Thus, on the one hand, the proposal to change the name so as to eliminate from it the word Protestant, which has been brought up in successive Conventions, was referred to a committee

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which must report six months before the next Convention (Boston, 1904); the proposal to adopt a canon founded on the sacramentarian conception of marriage, and practically forbidding the remarriage of divorced persons for any cause, even that of adultery, was lost; and the proposal to allow congregations which accept the episcopal oversight to use other forms of worship than those prescribed, after undergoing a variety of experiences, was finally so drafted as to allow the Bishop to take spiritual oversight over a congregation not in communion with the Episcopal Church, if desired to do so, provided that such congregations shall not be admitted to union with the Diocesan Convention until the Prayer-Book is in use in such congregation and its minister is regularly ordained. If this correctly reports the final action, that action marks an advance, though not a radical one, toward true catholicity; but the other votes indicate clearly the defeat of high sacramentarianism. Under the constitution of the Episcopal Church this action must be ratified by the next Convention before it becomes the law of the Church.

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Missions Missionary enthusiasm reached a high level during the progress of the Convention. At the women's service, at which over one hundred and five thousand dollars was laid upon the altar as a special triennial offering, more than a thousand women received the communion and listened to an address of welcome from Bishop Nichols. On several occasions the entire Convention resolved itself into a Board of Missions, the two Houses meeting together to receive and consider the reports of the missionary bishops and of the allied missionary societies. The report of the Treasurer, Mr. George C. Thomas, showed that the expenditures of the Church in missionary distribution throughout the year had amounted to over $900,000. In the election of missionary bishops for the new Chinese diocese of Hankau, China, the Rev. James Addison Ingle, now missionary at Hankau, was chosen; for the Philippines the Rev. Charles H. Brent, of Boston; for Porto Rico the Rev. William Cabell Brown, D.D., now of the Brazil Mission; while for the two vacant missionary sees in the domestic field the Rev. Frederick William Keator, of Dubuque, Iowa, was chosen for Olympia (one of the dioceses of the State of Washington), and the Rev. Cameron Mann, D.D., for the Diocese of North Dakota, left vacant by the translation of Bishop Edsall. A question to be settled by the Convention was that of church order in the newly acquired possessions of the United States in Hawaii. The Church of England has an establishment in the islands, but the conduct of its prelates in Honolulu has been arbitrary. The Bishop of Honolulu has apparently not wished to yield his prior claims, but has now agreed to resign, thus opening the way for American ecclesiastical succession.

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Roman Catholicism in France The new French Law of Associations has now gone into effect. By its provisions all associations, religious or secular, must have governmental sanction as a condition of existence. There has been no resistance to the new law by secular associations, and none by more than half of the many Roman Catholic religious orders or congregations. There are nearly seventeen hundred of these congregations, comprising, it is reported, a hundred and sixty thousand members. Seven hundred and fifty congregations, controlling about forty-three hundred establishments, have not applied for State authorization. Each particular establishment is also required to apply for such authorization; thus not only must the Assumptionists be sanctioned as a general organization, but each particular Assumptionist monastery or convent must also be sanctioned. Of the general congregations which refuse to recognize the law the Jesuits command most interest. Following their time-honored custom, they prefer to retire from France than to bow before any secular authority. They have had similar experience elsewhere, and it must be admitted that they have generally returned stronger in numbers and power than when they were banished. The Jesuits declare that, as free men, as citizens, as Roman Catholics, and as Jesuits, the new law wounds their rights. On the one hand, the Government insists that they shall renounce canonical exemption; on the other, the Holy See declares that it "will not permit any lessening of the

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exercise of its supreme authority over the religious orders and institutions." Most observers, however, including not a few Roman Catholics, will think that M. Waldeck-Rousseau's advent to power has established epoch-making measures of military and ecclesiastical reform. Henceforth it ought to be impossible either for the army to imprison a Dreyfus on trumped-up charges or for the religious orders to use their enormous numbers and wealth to plot against the Republic.

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The Liquor Question in New York City

The question how the sale of liquor should be regulated, especially on Sunday, is one of the most difficult problems of municipal life. It is certain that the present method of attempting its regulation in New York City is extremely demoralizing, and will exert in the present election a potent influence against civic reform. That method may be described briefly thus: The law recognizes four forms of sale—by druggists, by grocers, by saloons, and by hotels. It allows any one to sell who takes out a license and pays the prescribed fee. If he takes out a saloon or hotel license, he can sell liquor to be drunk on the premises; and if he takes out a hotel license, he can sell on Sunday. This provision is based on the fact that in a city like New York there are many thousands who live in hotels and restaurants, and who are entitled to have their food and their beverages served to them on Sunday as on other days. To put a stop to pretended hotels, which are really only saloons, the law prescribes that a hotel must have a certain prescribed number of rooms for guests, the size of which is also prescribed. Local option is allowed to the rural communities, who are permitted to vote against granting either one of these licenses or any license whatever. No such local option is granted to the cities.

The Outlook does not doubt that the provision discriminating between saloons and hotels was honestly conceived. The distinction between a saloon and a hotel is a real, not an artificial, one; but the practical effect of the endeavor to make such a discrimination by law has been wholly bad. Saloon-keepers who wish the privilege of selling on Sunday have taken the necessary space and constructed the required bedrooms. Having no guests, these rooms have often been put to the purposes of flagrant immorality. It has been said, doubtless with some exaggeration, but doubtless also with some truth, that under this system the saloon is a hotel and the hotel is a house of prostitution. Saloon-keepers who are not able to secure the space and construct the rooms regard it as unjust that they should be prohibited from Sunday traffic while their wealthier and often more vicious neighbors are permitted it. They therefore set the law at naught, either covertly disobeying it or paying the police to connive at their violation. Thus in New York City to-day we have not only the Sunday sale of liquor, but that sale accompanied by fraudulent hotels, incentives to immorality, covert violation of the law, and police blackmail. Nor are these all, and perhaps not the worst evils. Thousands of intelligent, upright, honorable, and temperate citizens think it as right to drink alcoholic beverages with their dinner as to drink coffee with their breakfast; a law which forbids them from drinking alcoholic beverages with their dinner they resent as the reader of this article would probably resent a law forbidding him to drink coffee with his breakfast. Such law they regard as despotic, and think it entirely right to disobey it. As this law is imposed on them by a Legislature controlled by the rural population of the State, and as thus they cannot directly repeal the law, they vote for city officials who will not enforce it; and city officials elected not to enforce the laws which it is their business to enforce are almost sure to be lawless, immoral, corrupt. If the excise question were not involved in the present election, either directly or indirectly, it can hardly be doubted that New York would overthrow the corrupt rule of Tammany by an overwhelming majority.

For these reasons Judge Jerome, the reform candidate for District Attorney, argues for the enactment of a law allowing the Sunday sale of liquor under certain restrictions; and the same ground was taken three years ago in the columns of The Outlook by the late George E. Waring,

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whose article we reprint in this issue. We commend it to the careful and unbiased consideration of all our readers.

There are two objections to this plan, one theoretical, the other practical. The theoretical objection is one which will be felt by a large number of voters against any legislation directly sanctioning the sale of liquor on Sunday. This objection is thus stated by a correspondent of The Outlook, who sends to us a copy of a letter which he has addressed to Mr. Jerome:

> At this time butchers are trying to enforce laws (passed at their own suggestion) against selling meat on Sunday. Grocers are trying to close grocery-stores, the theatrical association is trying to close Sunday theaters, barbers are trying to secure laws closing barber-shops on Sunday, labor organizations are urging the enforcement of laws against unnecessary Sunday work and are demanding double pay when necessity compels it. Surely none of these believe they are advocating "blue laws." It is contrary to law to sell most useful and necessary things on Sunday; but you propose to open the saloons, the centers around which vice congregates, and from which, as a judge, you know crime largely comes. It will be unlawful on Sunday to sell Bibles and prayer-books, meat and groceries, but it will be lawful to sell whisky in almost unlimited quantities, not only in the congested East Side districts, where many of the foreign residents live, but all over the city, in the quiet resident districts where people desire the decencies of life. That the saloons are now open very generally on Sunday, and that they pay for the privilege, is another question. I take no exception to your holding the views to which you give expression; but I question the wisdom of making the reform movement responsible for them.

This is the theoretical objection. The practical objection is that so many voters entertain this view as to make it hardly possible to secure from the Legislature of the State of New York, controlled as it is by the rural rather than by the municipal vote, such a law as Mr. Jerome and Mr. Waring describe and our correspondent in this paragraph opposes. Yet those who oppose such a law permitting Sunday selling must, we think, recognize the awful evils of the present system and the hopelessness of waiting until it can be reformed by an effective and enforced prohibition of all sale of liquor on Sunday.

There is, however, a practicable remedy which is in the line of legislation already enacted, is founded on an essentially just and righteous principle, and would allow no greater Sunday sale than is practically allowed under the present system. This method consists in an extension of the local option principle to the cities and to the question of Sunday selling. We would abolish the hotel license provided for by the Raines Law altogether; would establish four licenses—a druggist's license to sell on the prescription of a physician, a grocer's license to sell by the bottle, a wine license to sell only beer and light wines, and a general license to sell all intoxicating liquors, in the two last-named cases to be drunk on the premises. We would extend to each ward in each city the privilege of local option now given to towns, and so extend it in both country and city as to allow the voters to determine whether they would have selling of liquor during certain fixed hours on Sunday. This would not really extend the Sunday liquor-selling, for under the present system the people in the town may vote in favor of a hotel license, and if they vote in favor of a hotel license they vote in favor of Sunday selling; but it would give the people of the city power to approve or disapprove such Sunday selling and at the same time to approve or disapprove of any selling, week day or Sunday.

The probable result would be that in some wards all sale of liquor would be prohibited, in some the sale of all liquor would be permitted on Sundays as well as on week days, and in some the saloons would be closed and the sale of beer and wine would be permitted. But, what is far more important, the people of each locality would have the power and therefore the responsibility of determining for themselves the extent to which the liquor traffic should be allowed in that locality. They would not be resentful and indignant because another community was interfering with what they regarded as their rights. In order to secure that liberty they would not have to vote for corrupt officials practically pledged to disregard the law which they are sworn to enforce. The temptation to turn the saloon into a "fake" hotel, and the hotel into a house of prostitution, would be taken away. The chief temptation to blackmail would be taken away, and each specific locality would have a law no more stringent than the local public opinion demanded, and therefore no more strin-

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gent than the local public opinion would be able to enforce; finally, those who think that all sale of liquor is wrong and should be prohibited, and those who think that all sale of liquor should be prohibited on Sunday, would not be asked by their vote to sanction the sale of liquor either on a week day or on a Sunday. They would simply be asked by their vote to leave each local community to determine both these questions for itself.

We believe that by the simple method of thus extending local option to the cities, and to the Sunday sale as well as to the week-day sale, the excise question would be taken out of State politics and largely out of local politics, and men who desired their alcoholic beverages with their meals would not be compelled to sustain a corrupt administration in order to secure what they regard as their liberties.

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Tammany versus Decency

He who has heard William Travers Jerome in one of his fiery speeches during the present New York campaign cannot but regret the necessary limitations which are put upon public speakers. If the fire which burns within Mr. Jerome could by personal contact be communicated to his hearers, there could be no question as to the result of the present election. It is not merely that he has defined that issue with such clearness and presented it with such forcefulness, but that he feels its moral character with such splendid enthusiasm of indignation against wrong. The question at issue is not between a Democrat and a Republican candidate, nor chiefly between a partisan and a non-partisan administration. It is not even the question whether we shall have clean streets, lower taxes, better docks, more efficient policemen, sanitary tenements, adequate school buildings. These are all necessary; they are all results of a good, efficient municipal government; but they are not the most necessary thing. The campaign is not merely one against vice and crime. No one supposes that municipal government can put an end to all vice or even to all crime. But government can be so administered as to make vice and crime difficult, and virtue and law-abiding easy; it has been so administered as to make vice and crime easy, and virtue and law-abiding difficult. It is because Judge Jerome has seen how "the other half lives," because he appreciates the influences which degrade, deteriorate, and destroy the lives of the other half, and because he knows that the municipal government as it now exists is in partnership with these influences and is protecting and fostering them for a share in their vicious and criminal profits, that he is filled with so splendid a courage and speaks with such explicit utterances.

A man may sell liquor on the street corner and have his ideals about the way in which his business should be conducted—and many of the saloon-keepers in New York have such ideals—or he may drink to excess, or indulge in other forms of social vice, and yet be filled with a genuine indignation at the police official who takes for his own personal profit the money of those from whose lawbreaking he has solemnly sworn to protect the city. If the citizens of New York, from Fifth Avenue to the Bowery, could thoroughly get into their minds the one issue on which Judge Jerome is insisting, and which Mr. Jacob A. Riis points out in this week's Outlook, namely, that the present government, as now conducted by Tammany, is an enemy of common decency and the aider and abettor of vice and crime, Tammany would be overwhelmingly defeated at the coming election, for the simple reason that it has made and is making clean, honest, wholesome living almost impossible for unnumbered thousands of citizens in this great municipality.

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The Integration of America

As early as 1821, Bolívar advanced the idea of a closer connection among the Spanish colonies in Central and South America, and this sentiment helped the colonies in overthrowing Spain. In the following year not only did the United States Government recognize the independence of the colonies, but two of them, Chili and Colombia, actually negotiated a treaty by which "the construction of a continental system for America" was contemplated. The idea of American soli-

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darity, however, came most emphatically to the fore in the invitations to a general Congress at Panama in 1826, an invitation gladly accepted by President John Quincy Adams and Secretary of State Henry Clay, whose delegates, however, failed to be confirmed by the United States Senate. The Congress met, but several of the Governments represented would not ratify the treaty framed. Mexico then repeatedly but vainly invited the American republics to meet in a new Congress in 1880. Colombia addressed a circular note to the governments of all the Spanish-American republics for the purpose of executing with one another a convention similar to the one of 1822, but especially to provide for the practical obligation of the principles of arbitration by constituting the President of the United States a permanent arbitrator under the proposed treaty.

As revolution broke out in 1880, the Congress was not held, but the following year Mr. Blaine, then Secretary of State, invited all of the States of Central and South America to participate in a Congress to be held in Washington in 1882, stating that the attention of this Congress should be confined to the one object of seeking a way permanently to avert the horrors of war. This Congress also was not held, owing to international complications in South America. In 1888 our Congress passed a bill authorizing an International American Congress, and President Cleveland signed the act. As we look back upon our country's history it is pleasant to think that the chief representatives of the Republican and Democratic parties of that day, Messrs. Blaine and Cleveland, were thus prime movers in showing sympathy for American solidarity. Delegates to this Conference were invited, and came from Mexico, Central and South America, Hayti, San Domingo, and Hawaii. The sessions lasted for several months, and though it has been the fashion to think its results inadequate, we may remember that chief among them was the establishment of an International Union of American Republics, with a bureau at Washington. This bureau has been a principal means of making more interdependent and cordial the commercial and social relations between the United States and the Latin-American nations to the south. The expenses of the bureau are borne proportionately; for instance, Costa Rica pays $80 per year, and this Government $20,800. Another result was the compilation of a code of commercial nomenclature in English, Spanish, and Portuguese; and another, the survey of an intercontinental railway, from the Texas border, through Mexico, Central and South America, to Tierra del Fuego. It is believed that at the forthcoming Congress little effort will be necessary to induce every Government represented there to assume full responsibility for the prosecution of the actual railway. The American Monetary Conference held in Washington in 1891 also resulted from this Congress, but perhaps its most far-reaching although least showy result was an agreement reached for a definite plan of arbitration.

The list of topics discussed was the same as that (printed in another column) announced for discussion this week at the City of Mexico. The reason why the present Congress was not held in Washington is due to the prevision of Mr. Hay, Secretary of State, that agreement might perhaps be more easily reached if the Congress were held amid environment more familiar to most of the delegates. Accordingly President McKinley, in his message of 1899, suggested that the work begun by the first Pan-American Congress, held in Washington ten years before, be continued along the same lines by summoning another Congress, this time to meet in the capital of another country than the United States. President Diaz, of Mexico, immediately took advantage of this suggestion, and issued invitations to all the American Governments to assemble in Congress at the City of Mexico. He received favorable responses from all, and last week the delegates convened. Those from this country are: President Cyrus Northrup, of the University of Minnesota; the Hon. I. W. Buchanan, of Iowa, ex-Minister to Argentina; ex-Senator Davis, of West Virginia; Mr. Volney Foster, of Chicago; and Mr. Charles M. Pepper, of Washington, the well-known journalist, publicist, and traveler. This commission differs gratifyingly from the one recently sent by our Government to Paris, since all the members speak the language of

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the country to which they are accredited, and, in addition, are well acquainted with the various Latin-American countries to be represented in the Congress.

Like the former Congress, the present one is purely advisory, not legislative. Its work may prove to be the climax to which all the other Congresses have been leading; at least that is the opinion not only of English-Americans but also of Latin-Americans. The latter are recognizing more and more, despite inveterate prejudices in favor of Spanish manners and customs, that American solidarity has now become a necessity. It is in this spirit, we believe, that the delegates to the Pan-American Congress have gone to Mexico. We trust that the result of their meeting may be a closer union, commercial, economic, social, and even political, among the American republics than any which has yet existed. Humanity at large will be the gainer.

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Books About Books

There are too many books about books; too many guides, commentaries, explanatory works. So many, indeed, that the way to the heart and mind of some of the greatest writers in the world is blocked by them. At intervals, however, there appears a real piece of interpretation—one of those clear, penetrating, sympathetic studies which are essential to the student who would master the secret and power of a great artist. Great works of art do not instantly reveal their contents; they must be studied before they can be comprehended; they must be lived with before their dimensions can be measured. It often happens that the man who sees Niagara Falls or the Rocky Mountains for the first time experiences a certain sense of disappointment, due entirely to his lack of adequate approach. When the Falls are really seen and one becomes familiar with the mountains, the sense of their majesty, their grandeur, and their beauty steadily deepens. In like manner, when one approaches for the first time Homer's "Iliad," Dante's "Divine Comedy," Goethe's "Faust," the dramas of Shakespeare, and Tennyson's "In Memoriam," there is often a preliminary disappointment, due not to any real failure on the part of the great work to meet the just expectation of the student, but to the student's lack of insight.

One of the chief functions of a work of art is to educate the student; and it is only when the educational process has been accomplished to a certain point that the student begins to understand the power of life and the depth of truth in the work which is opening his imagination and finding its way to his heart. The great books are really inexhaustible in their significance and teaching power; they are contemporary with every age because they deal through symbols with permanent principles and with enduring truths. As long as the world lasts there will be fresh students of the great books, because the time will never come when Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Tennyson, and other great artists will not have something new and significant to say.

The impression is abroad at all times that the present is detached from the past; that the past is outgrown; that the new times and the new men are the true representatives and custodians of adequate truth, insight, and vitality. As a matter of fact, each age has its own place and its own work, and no other age can usurp that place or do that work. The twentieth century will be very largely the product of all the other centuries that went before it. What happens in the long intervals of the centuries is not the abandonment of truth, but a change of position towards it; a readjustment of truths in their relation to one another. Great truths are like the peaks in a mountain range; in one age the race, looking up in its long march, sees from one point one truth dominating all other truths; in the next age, having made a long progression, it sees another truth looming still higher. There has been no real change; nothing has been lost; men have simply moved forward.

The truth which is expressed in the "Iliad" is truth for all time. Fundamental conceptions are modified; one truth gives place to another truth; but what the Greek held in its essential principles every modern civilization must hold. This is pre-eminently true of Dante's great poem, so mediæval in its outward aspect, so profoundly and permanently true in its disclosure of the facts of

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spiritual experience. Homer has one view of institutional life, Shakespeare has another; Dante solves the spiritual problem in one way, Tennyson states it in another. Men need to know all these aspects, to be familiar with all these representations of life, because there is truth in each and all of them.

In the rush of modern books and under the pressure of modern life these great teachers are constantly forgotten or neglected. They ought to form the background of every real study of literature; they ought to be the companions of every thoughtful man and woman.

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The Spectator

The Spectator's eyes have of late been opened to certain lines of policy used by leading business houses as deliberate and yet indirect methods of advertising. And these policies have shown so subtle and shrewd an insight into human nature that, studying them, the respect which the Spectator has ever had for the business mind is increased tenfold. The most positive and pervasive of these methods, in the Spectator's observation, is shown in the policy of trusting customers—not merely by allowing charge accounts, but in more intricate ways. The customer in the highest grade retail houses is, for aught he knows to the contrary, given the absolute freedom of the shop, and this for the best of business reasons.

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In a jeweler's establishment it is not so easy to hide from customers the fact that they are not supremely trusted, for here the most precious articles may be the smallest gems. Yet the detective service employed is most wonderfully concealed. The Spectator, before he was wiser, has often stood looking with wonder at trays containing objects of great value spread out with seeming carelessness on the counters, while clerks indifferently turned their backs. But the fact is that these treasures were under the strictest guard, by a sufficient expert force to make amateur care on the part of the clerks unnecessary.

❀

Last Christmas season the Spectator overheard a conversation which filled him with amazement and consternation. It was between two school-girls, daughters of a friend, and they were delightedly discussing their experiences of the day before, which experiences, it appeared, they intended to repeat the next day. The Spectator, in the interests of their personal safety, allowed himself to continue overhearing this interchange of confidence. It appeared that a young brother (an ingenuous little wretch he must have been) had opened to them the delightful possibilities, already tested by him, of "playing horse with a detective." The simple and pleasing plan was to go to a large jewelry-store, there purchase some small article, and then with a little pains the detective could be "spotted by his eyes." "For if you just act a little queer," so these young folk asserted, "you'll find somebody is eying you, and then you know that's the detective, and you can tease him all you want." Tease a detective! The Spectator's blood ran cold. But it was only too plain that these irrepressible young people had been doing that very thing. How far they had deceived the astute gentleman as to their actual wickedness of intent the Spectator does not pretend to decide, but they had unquestionably, by their suspicious manner, led him a dance from one end of the store to the other. It is needless to say that the Spectator, being an old friend of the family, dropped a confidential word into the ear of those to whom had been accorded the happy privilege of bringing up this brood, and by the reception of his news he is of the opinion that their delightful game was suddenly interrupted. But this was not the end. A few days later the Spectator chanced into a jewelry-shop, and when there remembered what he had heard, with the not unnatural result that he with some interest also looked about to see if he could with the naked eye select the store detective from among the throng. The almost immediate result was that the Spectator found himself selected by the detective! It was a mutual and, to the Spectator, a somewhat startling recognition. Most certainly the Spectator found what he was looking for, and did not particularly enjoy what he found; but how that detective so instantly knew when a purchaser began to think of other matters than purchase, the Spectator could only understand by accept-

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ing the fact that this was exactly what he was trained to do and the purpose for which he was engaged. The Spectator, on being detected, meekly cast down his inquiring eyes and submitted to the "shadowing" which he received from that moment until he left the store, conscious that he himself had deliberately earned the distinction.

❀

There is yet another advertising policy noted by the Spectator of a negative character and common to many of the larger retail business houses. This takes the shape of invariably giving to the customer the benefit of all doubts. In each and every case (such is the policy) the customer is by a fixed law to enjoy the sensation of having the "best" of any argument. Lately the Spectator had occasion to write to a large retail store complaining that one of his purchases had been left out of the package sent home to him, and before nightfall a small boy appeared with the duplicate of the missing article in his hand, which the Spectator would have pleasantly accepted had he not already with some embarrassment discovered the missing object wrapped inside one of his other purchases. This he told the messenger, who received the news with no sign of interest or surprise.

"It was in the toe of the slipper," explained the Spectator further.

"Was it?" said the boy, with the first gleam of intelligence. "It must have worked down. I put it in the heel."

"Did you wrap it in the bundle yourself?" asked the astounded Spectator.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you tell your proprietor so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why didn't you tell me you did?"

"We ain't allowed."

It is easy to see what per cent. of advertisement is contained in this policy.

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The Spectator was lately standing in a large grocery-store talking to its proprietor, when a clerk came forward bearing a cooked ham on a platter with one slice cut from it. "Mrs. B. has sent this back," he said, "and complains of it." The proprietor looked critically at the ham. "Send her another," he said, casually, "and tell the bookkeeper to write a note expressing our regrets for the accident." "Joseph"—this to the porter—"take that ham up to my house. It's a particularly good one." Thus was the Spectator taught how great a respect the business man has for a customer's custom, and how little for his opinion.

❀

The Spectator was present in a large department store when a young woman returned a hat which she declared unbecoming, and it was received back at once without a murmur, when, even to the Spectator's dull eye, large hat-pin holes were conspicuous in the hat, and marks, too, where trimmings had been ripped off. The hat was obviously unsalable, but it was equally obvious that the clerk was trained in that same code of no contradiction, and if the young person said she had *not* worn the article in question, then she had not worn it—so far as that firm was concerned. This willingness to pour water into the well doubtless justifies itself by the amount of water gotten out, or the policy would not be so common. The Spectator has learned with amazement of the heavy sums due to leading retail firms and regarded as more or less bad debts of fashionable customers. And in many cases such debtors, to use an easy term, are not seriously pressed to pay, and this not by reason of any weak-kneed policy towards them, but solely because, in the cold judgment of the firm, the advertisement of these names as customers, and their good will, and good word, perhaps, are worth exactly this price. Worse than this, in the Spectator's opinion, it is not uncommon for leading modistes to make with certain patrons a plain agreement that they will dress the patron without money and without price in return for the use of that patron as a kind of show window.

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A delightful sense of confidence is the atmosphere of those emporiums which know how to cater to the best-paying public; but, like every other commodity on earth, this enjoyable confidence is not without its price. The loss in retail houses by theft, by bad debts, by the policy of no contradiction, is not an occasional loss, but one that the proprietor can with fair ease reckon out ahead for each year, each month, and this sum properly belongs in

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his expenses under advertising. There are some people who always travel in parlor cars as a kind of life insurance, considering the extra price paid worth the security to life and limb, as in case of accident the heavy and less crowded parlor car is more apt to escape serious damage. It is this same class of people who deal only with those retail stores which by their known policy assure exemption from disagreeable accidents of any kind. These are the people who prefer to pay a little higher price for everything they buy, as they unquestionably do pay in the higher-grade stores, than purchase the same article at a lower rate in stores where there is a chance of a rough experience of any kind.

Tammany the People's Enemy

By Jacob A. Riis

THERE had been a meeting of young men on the lower East Side. Professor Felix Adler had spoken to them. He had pointed to nobler aims of the life that seemed mean in its tenement-house setting, had set their standards high and fired them with ardor to pursue them, and had taken his seat amid loud and clamorous applause; for the East Side knows a man when it sees him. In the silence that followed the outburst a pale-faced young Jew arose in the audience to move a vote of thanks to the Professor. There was a note of deep sadness in his voice, touched with a something that made his hearers sit very still as he went on from the courteous expression of the meeting's thanks to that which was on his mind.

"Now you go," he said, "to your quiet home in a decent street where no harm comes to you or your wife or children in the night; for it is your home. And we—we go with our high resolves, the noble ambitions you have stirred, to our tenements where evil lurks in the darkness at every step, where innocence is murdered in babyhood, where mothers bemoan the birth of a daughter as the last misfortune, where virtue is sold into a worse slavery than ever our fathers knew, and our sisters betrayed by paid panders; where the name of home is bitter as mockery, for, alas! we have none. These are the standards to which we go from here." And then followed the whole amazing story of damning conspiracy between power and vice in those East Side tenements that has rung in our ears since, and will until it has been wiped out as the worst disgrace that ever befell a city.

Professor Adler was astounded, horrified. He knew something of the East Side and of its wrongs, but not this. He went home deeply moved. The next day he called a meeting at his house of men and women who had the welfare of their city at heart, and told them what he had heard. And they resolved that they would not rest till those things were no longer true. Out of that movement came the events that led to the stinging rebuke of municipal unrighteousness by Bishop Potter, and the Committee of Fifteen and its work. The speech of that young Jew was the first gun of the campaign that is now raging hotly. And it is the answer to those who are asking to-day whether the issues of that campaign are political or moral. He who runs may read it.

Political, yes! Listen to the Bishop of New York addressing its Mayor:

"In the name of these little ones, these weak and defenseless ones, Christian and Hebrew alike, of many races and tongues, but of homes in which God is feared and his law revered, and virtue and decency honored and exemplified, I call upon you, sir, to save these people, who are in a very real way committed to your charge, from a living hell, defiling, deadly, damning, to which the criminal supineness of the constituted authorities, set for the defense of decency and good order, threatens to doom them."

We of the republic have fallen upon evil times truly, if such an appeal as this does not rouse us to withering scorn of the shamelessness that would steal the honest name of Democracy to cloak blackmail and the brothel. Politics, indeed! It is high time we set about cleansing c

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politics in New York, if the calling is ever to be made honorable to our young men. And if it be not so made, God help us!

Political issues! Let us see what those issues look like to the man who lives in a tenement, which is to say to the great majority of the citizens of the metropolis, and what are the politics that demand cleansing as the price of our peace and of our self-respect. For comparison let us go back for a moment to the reform that followed Lexow days. The shame of that exposure we need not rake up. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. We have had worse since. Men hung their heads at least in those days, when they were caught in the villainy. Now they hold them high and proclaim it to the world: "Yes! I did it for money."

Three years of decency had given us a clean city, in and out doors. The streets were cleaned. Are there any who have forgotten how bad they were before that era? I have not. I stuck a foot-rule into the April mud in an East Side street and found it eight inches deep when it was wet. When the sun shone and the spring winds blew it about in clouds of dust, it covered the city like a pall, truly within and without. Waring cleaned up by "putting a man instead of a voter behind every broom;" took the dirt out of its copartnership with politics, and both streets and politics became clean. That was an "issue" then, is now, for the old firm is doing business at the old stand. Roosevelt came and cleaned up in Mulberry Street. The police breathed easier—let me say it again, that there are more O'Neills than have spoken out, in the force, and they will speak at the polls. Policemen are men, and that is *their* issue. Blackmail ceased for a season; gambling and prostitution ran to cover. The laws were enforced. Not once in the whole three years did we hear of a gang-fight or a gang-murder. Hell's Kitchen and Battle Row slumbered. Their young lads went to work, or to school. Reform found fifty thousand children drifting on the str[illegible]hom there were no seats at the [illegible]s. That was what the census [illegible]til we had that we guessed [illegible] No one who had authority [illegible] to know. We poured out [illegible]leem the first and chiefest pledge of the State, that its children should not grow up in ignorance, and in three years the army of street children was reduced to a small company; one big school would have harbored them all, had time been left us to build it with the rest. And it would have made one more count against us in the fight we lost. "Reform costs money!" was the cry. Aye, it did. Tammany had seen to that, will see to it always. It is part of the game that stuffs the pocket of the politicians and denies the people their honest rights. That is how the former "work for their pocket all the time." Jefferson, whose name they steal, saw it differently: "The whole art and science of government consists in being honest," he said. Is it not time we scrub off the "politics" of this town of ours? They made the issue—such as it is.

We made war upon the slum. The slum means the murder of the home, that was why we fought it. Good citizenship grows in homes. A man cannot live like a pig and be a man, and the landlord for profit offered our people pig-styes. The worst we tore down; hear why from the health inspector who reported one lot for condemnation:

"The houses are decayed from cellar to garret and filthy beyond description. The beams, the floors, the plaster on the walls, where there is any plaster, are rotten and alive with vermin. They are a menace to the public health and cannot be repaired. Their annual death-rate in five years was 41.38." Is not this reason enough and to spare?

Where they had stood, those foul old barracks, we made parks and playgrounds for the children, and planned more. The death-rate went down from 26.32 per 1,000 inhabitants in 1887 to 19.53 in 1897. Enough lives to people a city were saved year by year by the reform broom. New York became a harder city to die in, a sweeter and better city to live in, for all but the dive-keeper, the gambler, and those who were paid for protecting vice. I remember the anguished wail of a Bowery storekeeper whose customers they were, after the election of Mayor Strong. He had been the stakeholder for a syndicate of gamblers who were waiting to see which way the fight would go, and when it went for reform they took their money—forty thousand dollars, he said—which they

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would have put into their "business" here, and went their way.

"See what you've done," he cried, in a paroxysm of anger; "just look at it. All that money gone to Baltimore!"

And so, upon the wings of the battle-cry, "To hell with reform," Tammany came back, with a wide-open town, and the Bowery was made happy!

And now, after four years, where are we? The streets! They cost every year half a million dollars more to clean, and how are they cleaned? Down in Henry Street the housekeepers who live in the block where the King's Daughters' Settlement is got together at midsummer and sent a complaint to the City Hall. They meant to clean up themselves if they didn't heed them there. The answer was that their block was no worse than any other. And it was true. The burden of those housekeepers' grievance was that the garbage lay uncollected, festering in the sun. Perhaps it suggested something to the collectors. That week the company that had collected the garbage up till then in Manhattan and the Bronx for $89,000 a year jumped up its claim to $309,000, and demanded a five years' contract. The bid was rejected as exorbitant and accepted the week after, and so the partnership between dirt and politics was renewed. Waring was dead.

He was dead, murdered by Tammany politics. If any one doubt it, let him think what would have been the reward from any business concern in the world of a man who had done what Waring did for New York. He redeemed it from unutterable reproach, made it healthy and clean, and gave its children their first playground. For that he was dismissed by Tammany returning to power, and, being a poor man because a clean one, had to take the next job that was offered. That was to fight the yellow fever in Cuba. He did it and won, but it cost us his life. It was the heaviest price we have had to pay yet for Tammany politics, and it is a big item in the reckoning with the Wigwam that is due now.

Murder is an ugly word, but I can think of nothing that better fits the conspiracy that would double the price of ice to the poor in summer, and forbid the sale of the five-cent piece. It is in the summer that the tenement babies die, and it is the heat that kills them. It was to save them we battled with the slum. The houses we tore down were called "infant slaughter houses" by the Tenement-House Commission of 1894 in its report to the State Legislature. That was upon the showing that in those rear tenements the baby death-rate rose to two hundred and over in a thousand; that is to say that one in five of the babies housed in them was killed by the house, and sometimes one in four. That was again too high a price to pay for Tammany misrule, for under it these evils had grown up, and it was then and is now opposing tenement-house reform step by step with the lying claim that it would rob landlords of their property. No, but it would save the tenants' babies. It would make it law that no man shall have the right to kill his neighbor with a house any more than with an ax in the street. If that plan makes it necessary to take a man's property from him, it will be taken, not otherwise.

In the four years since Tammany came back, not a single house has been condemned. When the Sanitary Superintendent said before the Tenement-House Commission that that was because there were none left to seize, he was confronted with a list of more than two hundred marked as unfit to exist, and he could only stare and say that he would see about it. The slum landlord heard and laughed in his sleeve that so would he; he knows the district leader who issues the orders, these days, which the Sanitary Superintendent must obey. Tammany "politics" are ever convertible into cash. Of three hundred and thirty-three new tenements going up, the Tenement-House Commission's inspectors found only fifteen in which the building law was not openly violated. It was made for the safety of the tenant. Of one hundred and sixteen tenements which under the law should have fireproof stairs, all but three had stairs of wood! One of these days, when we read of a tenement-house holocaust such as we have shuddered at many times in the past, we shall be rushing around trying to fix the blame upon the guilty man. But then it will be too late. Now is the time to fix it upon Tammany politics. Tammany sells the office, the buyer reimburses himself as he can, salving his conscience, if he has one, with the thought

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that, if it is blood-money, he is not to blame. And he is half right.

Tammany is boasting that every landlord will vote its ticket. In that it is more than half wrong, for every tenement-house landlord is not either blind or crooked. But there is a class of landlords who can be absolutely counted upon to follow the fortunes of the Hall. They are the ones who have sold their souls, as their houses, to the devil, and take his wages. They have a grievance, for the law which they hate puts a fine of a thousand dollars upon the tenement that harbors prostitution with the knowledge of the landlord. We have heard it until it has made our hearts sick, how they traffic in virtue, these vultures, that their pockets may bulge and their diamonds blaze while mothers weep; how girls are snared for the bagnio, and sold by their seducers into a slavery from which death is the only escape, for while they live they must help fill with the wages of their shame the bottomless coffers that buy elections and our liberties. There came in my mail to-day a reprint of a paper read before the American Medical Association by the Assistant Surgeon of the Good Samaritan Dispensary. It tells of the new horror of children of tender age coming to the hospital with unnamable diseases; and I know that it is all true, for I have seen it. We have heard how Christian priests have been derided, insulted, for defending the homes in their charge against these horrors, and we have heard the Bishop of New York warn its Mayor that they cry for revenge to God and man. They have cried to man in vain, for Tammany rules New York, and the profits of the unspeakable traffic are Tammany's.

Political issues! Yes. The moral question that concerns first and last the homes of two millions of people has become the one political issue of the day. It is not whether New York shall build bridges, railroads, or public libraries, but whether it shall longer stand before the world as silent partner of the most infamous conspiracy of any day, to which nothing is pure, nothing sacred; which drags down with one polluting hand innocent womanhood and with the other collects blackmail impartially from the prostitute it has made, the friendless peddler, the sweeper in the street, the policeman on his beat. On the very buttons on his coat they have set a price which he must pay, or pay the penalty.

A storekeeper, a Jew, on the East Side, was ordered to pay five dollars a week for the privilege of keeping open Sundays. He paid, and they asked ten. When he refused, he was told that it would be the worse for him. He closed up. The very next week he was sued for a hundred dollars by a man of whom he had never borrowed anything. He did not defend the suit and it went against him. In three days the Sheriff was in his store. He knew the hopelessness of it then, went out and mortgaged his stock and paid the bill. The next week another man sued him for a hundred dollars. He went and threw himself on his mercy, and the man let him off for the costs. So he tells the story. And as he did, so do men on the East Side make their peace with a worse tyranny than any from which his people escaped to this "land of the free;" for to their oppressors at least their women were sacred.

There was over there a square mile of land upon which the Tenement-House Commission of half a dozen years ago counted 324,000 men, women, and children living out of sight and reach of a green spot. It bade us make, and make quickly, parks and playgrounds lest the slum stamp the souls of those little ones with the mark of the beast; and we made haste to let in the sunlight and give back the children their play and their lost childhood without which we should ask in vain for their manhood in our time of need. But before we could carry out our plan the enemy came back. To-day they stand, those two "parks," monuments to Tammany's regard for the people and their rights. The one is a sand lot in which political heelers have built houses and stands for the sale of their wares rent free under permits from the City Hall. On the day a private society established a playground on it, thirty thousand citizens thronged it, but no effort has availed since to make the city lay it out as a playground, as it was bidden six years ago. Twice the people of the East Side have wrested it almost by force from a department that would strike the playground from it in flat defiance of the law. In the other "park"

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a gymnasium and bath-house, built at heavy expense, stand closed and idle. They have never been used, while around the corner the first and only municipal bath-house which reform planned and Tammany took three years to build is besieged by a mighty mob clamoring for the privilege so long withheld.

But yesterday, when the President of the Outdoor Recreation League pleaded for $4,000 for the maintenance of the playgrounds which it made when the city refused, he was jeered at by the Mayor whom the Bar Association has posted as "conspicuously unfit" for the judgeship to which Tammany has nominated him.

"Vaudeville!" he sneered. "It was furnishing vaudeville for the masses that destroyed Rome."

"Play," said Froebel, the great kindergartner, "is the normal occupation of the child, through which he first perceives moral relations."

Cause enough for Tammany to refuse him the chance! So far have we slipped back in four short years from the planning that would have given to every poor child, had he no other, at least the right to play and to grow up a clean man or woman.

For these two wasted "parks" the citizens of New York paid more than three millions of dollars. A whole system of playgrounds and breathing-spaces was laid out. They have all been cashiered. They were "frills," I suppose, as were the school playgrounds when we fought for them before reform made them law. Vaudeville! And is the grief in the stricken home when the boy has gone to the bad vaudeville, too? For the evil times are upon us again, when thousands swarm in the street for whom there is no room within the school doors. The Superintendent of Schools, Mr. Maxwell, gave warning a year ago in the public prints that the number of the unschooled or half-schooled "would grow to enormous proportions—a most serious menace to our municipal welfare." Serious, indeed! Thirty to forty thousand in Manhattan alone on the street all day or half the day is the record, with worse to come. For the population crowds more and more, and in the hundred millions a year which Tammany spends in ruling New York there is money for jails, but not for schools. Truly it is one or the other.

The gangs have come back. They follow their leader, but not the rough we see at the police court bar. It is the other who bails him out they really follow—the district leader. He had not been back in power a month before Hell's Kitchen raised its head, the gangs reorganized, and murder ran riot as in the days of old before the present leaders graduated into "politics." The district leader took possession of the Health Department, and the city that had been healthy was overrun with smallpox. As a reporter dealing with Health Department affairs I had scarcely seen a case in ten years before. Politics invaded Bellevue, and under one of the fairest Charity Commissioners we have ever had, and in spite of his personal influence, the people's hospital became filled with drunken attendants that beat the patients to death. The gamblers came back from Baltimore, and the police were pressed into their service and into that of the thieves and panders who make life a living hell to their victims. All that is worst in the force of which Roosevelt made heroes has come on top. We read the record of it every day, of the wanton brutality, of the foul disgrace that grows blacker and fouler the nearer you get to the head. And of it never the half has been told. In all the years since men and women have labored in the tenements to reclaim the lost brotherhood I have never heard of one of them being molested until this summer. But now it has happened twice. One, a gentle, refined lady, an inmate of the College Settlement, was knocked down in the public street by a drunken policeman; the other found a strange man crawling into her room in the small hours of the morning, and, running barefoot to appeal to a policeman, was coldly repulsed. The ruffian was allowed to escape.

This is the record of the party that has stolen the name made honorable by Jefferson, by Tilden, by Cleveland, and is trying to persuade the people that we are engaged in a fight on "political issues." Truly the first duty of the citizen is to wrest the grip of this demon of debauchery from our throats and our politics. A hundred years it has preyed upon our vitals, and its story has been one long, unbroken record of theft, of betrayal and outrage in the sight of all. But its last outrage is its

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worst. For all else there might be forgiveness; for the betrayal and corruption of the people's homes, of which it stands convicted by mothers and fathers worse than childless, there can be none, now or hereafter, nothing but vengeance, ruthless and unrelenting, upon the despoiler, the enemy of the people.

The National Congregational Council

By the Rev. Frank J. Goodwin

THE Eleventh Triennial Council of Congregational Churches was held in Portland, Me., October 12 to 18, in the State Street Congregational Church. The Council was early reminded that it came to no mean city. Here were the birthplace and early home of Longfellow, the former residence of Neal Dow and Thomas B. Reed, and here labored men famous in Congregational history, Tyler, Walker, Payson, the luster of whose learning and piety has not diminished with time. And here also the first Christian Endeavor Society was founded in the Williston Church.

This Council was organized by the election of the Rev. A. H. Bradford, of Montclair, N. J., as Moderator. The selection of Dr. Bradford was most felicitous, as, in addition to his wide reputation as an author, university preacher, and practical advocate of missionary and philanthropic work, he is one of the few clergymen in this country who is widely known by Congregationalists of England, between whom and our American Congregationalists there is an increasing sympathy and spirit of fellowship. The meetings of the Council were intensely interesting and instructive, as the large daily audiences demonstrated, and the general verdict of all was that it was the most satisfactory National Council ever held by the Congregational churches. The first formal action of the Council was fittingly taken by the sending of a message of condolence and sympathy to Mrs. McKinley, and words of confidence and esteem to President Roosevelt.

The Secretaries' report of the work of Congregationalism during the last three years was far from encouraging, the membership showing a gain of only 7,485, and the benevolences a falling off of $547,260. Perhaps the effect of these striking facts may account in some measure for the peculiar interest in all the meetings which followed, as the seriousness of the problems besetting the churches was more keenly realized.

The important place which preaching holds in Protestantism is well illustrated by the prominence given it on the programme. Dr. F. A. Noble, the retiring Moderator, delivered a striking address on the subject "How far Preaching ought to be Modified to meet the Changed Conditions of the Time." Professor Palmer has said that it is better to try to understand your generation than to criticise it. Dr. Noble advocated holding fast to the fundamentals of Christian faith and at the same time boldly affirmed that the Church must adapt itself to the great ideas of the time, such as higher criticism, evolution, and Christian socialism, which are here to stay, and which are too great to be ignored. In keeping with the catholicity of this address, the Rev. D. F. Bradley, of Michigan, presented a vigorous paper on the application of doctrine to effective preaching. Doctrinal preaching to be effective must be based on facts and aim at practical results, proclaiming, not novelties, side issues, denominational tenets, or border-line truths, but the great things of divine truth which appeal to the conscience and reason of the average man.

The subject of the quality of preaching which is demanded to-day naturally led to the consideration of the mutual claims of churches and theological seminaries. The Rev. W. A. Bartlett, of Chicago, declared that the seminary should send out trained men of character and enthusiasm, who could preach with authority the whole counsel of God. Professor George F. Moore, of Andover, in speaking for the seminaries, deplored the fact that our best young men are not going into the ministry, and showed that the seminaries could not create men, but could only train them. But even when the young men are well trained the churches seem to show an

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indifference to men of cultivation and worth, preferring often to choose ministers who have been less finely educated in other denominations. In a passage of simple, manly dignity, Professor Moore deeply moved his hearers when he expressed the need which the theological professors have of the confidence of the Church in their intelligence and love of truth, in whose name they are often compelled to be greatly misunderstood. The discussion which followed these papers was one of the most spirited and intense of any during the sessions of the Council, and when the right of a theological professor to depart from a creed to which he had subscribed was affirmed, it seemed for a while that an old principle of legal practice was forgotten by the Council—"that there is no use of putting in a plea after a verdict has been given."

A fitting example of what a great occasional sermon should be was given by President Tucker, of Dartmouth, on Sunday morning. He preached from the text (Luke xviii., 8), "When the Son of man cometh, shall he find the faith on the earth?" The question of Christ was whether at his second coming the idea of Christianity would be found in the world, and whether Christianity would lose faith in itself and in its power by vital connection with a living Christ to accomplish the work of God's kingdom. The faith of a generation will be measured by its intellectual attitude toward Christianity, by the depth of its moral passion, and by the timeliness of its action. Christianity is not power until it is moral passion, which means loyalty, service, consecration, and sacrifice. The dangers of materialism lie not in luxury or vice, but in the absorption of the best force, thought, and ambition of the time. And the next revival of religion will stand for the recovery of personality, and our generation will be as generous of men as it has been of means for the uses of Christianity. Timeliness of action will be shown in prompt initiative in undertaking the great tasks of world evangelization and reformation; and the laboring classes, the masses in the slums, and the heathen everywhere will be transformed by the Gospel of Christ. But as yet the one word "which can express a patient, tireless, unrelenting faith cannot be uttered—mastery."

Congregationalism and its mission was not passed over in the list of subjects. Professor Williston Walker, of Yale, presented a luminous paper on the type of Christian character favored by Congregationalism. Three principles are seen in the history of nine generations of Congregationalists in America: the belief in the Bible as the sole authority of God's will in all matters of faith, practice, and government; religious truth can be learned by the same mental processes which govern the acquisition of facts in any department of knowledge; and Congregationalism is pre-eminently a layman's type of religion. From these principles there have resulted self-reliance, intelligence, independence, openness to new truths and methods, and the spirit of catholicity. But Congregationalism is not without its perils; intelligence may be cultivated at the cost of feeling; truth which applies to homogeneous Anglo-Saxon communities may fail of its effect to produce self-governing and self-supporting churches in great cities of heterogeneous populations; and laxity of morals may be more dangerous in Congregational bodies, which, by their very simplicity, lack the binding force of more formal religions. The climax of the enthusiasm of the Council for its Pilgrim principles was reached on the last day of the meeting, when, in an eloquent address which brought forth repeated applause at its conclusion, the Rev. S. M. Newman, of Washington, D. C., traced the growth of the spirit of freedom and the democratic spirit of the age to its culmination in the great principles of thought and conduct in the Congregational churches.

A very interesting group of papers and discussions was on the general subject of work among young people. The relations of the public schools and the churches was treated by W. W. Stetson, of Augusta, Me., and the Rev. A. E. Winship, of Boston. The American doctrine of the separation of Church and State was clearly affirmed, but it was insisted that the Church must do its work of keeping up the standards of moral life, teaching divine sympathy, and the power of faith. As the danger of the time is not ignorance, but the lack of moral earnestness, the Church, on the other hand, has the right to expect that the public

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school will foster the grace of culture in place of the arrogancy of knowledge, and show itself a strong moral factor in the life of the community, teaching duty to the State, the law-abiding instinct, and true independence, which ever goes with the recognition of authority.

Work for the young in Sunday-schools was considered by the Rev. A. E. Dunning, of Boston, in a practical and suggestive essay on needful reforms in methods and instruction which are demanded because to-day we have a new Bible, a new psychology, and a new pedagogy. The reforms in the study of the Bible will absorb the principles and results of the best Higher Criticism, while omitting its processes; a reform in the teaching force will use both trained and untrained teachers; and pastors will become active leaders in the conduct and management of the Sunday-school. "The Spiritual Trend of Young People's Organizations" was discussed by the Rev. C. M. Southgate, of Auburndale, Mass.; and the Rev. C. H. Richards, of Philadelphia, in a rich and full paper urged the co-operation of home and church in the spiritual nurture of children, which considers the proper relations of heredity, environment, free will, and training in developing the character, habits, and spirit of the young.

Other papers and addresses were delivered on missionary subjects and a variety of themes by different speakers, among whom were President Matthew H. Buckham, of Burlington, Vt.; President W. D. Hyde, of Bowdoin College; the Rev. S. G. Smith, of St. Paul, Minn.; the Rev. W. H. Bolster, of Nashua, N. H.; the Rev. J. G. Vose and the Rev. T. C. McLelland, of Rhode Island; the Rev. H. A. Schauffler, of Cleveland, Ohio; Horace Bumstead, of Atlanta, Ga.; and the Rev. J. P. Jones, of India.

One of the most interesting features of the Council was the reception of the delegate from the Congregational Union of England and Wales, the Rev. J. M. Gibbon, and the Rev. E. M. Hill and the Rev. Hugh Pedley, representing the churches of Canada. Dr. Gibbon spoke four different times during the meetings, and his eloquence, wit, poetic touch, and earnest zeal for the Gospel were felt wherever he appeared on the platform. Among other things, he spoke of Christianity in England; of the extreme ritualism in the English Church, "which is busy with beggarly elements, with caps and capes, with candles and smoke;" of the decay of the English Sabbath, and the increase of the war spirit. He called attention to the fact that modern criticism had destroyed popular infidelity in England of the Ingersoll type, which assumed that "if the serpent did not walk and talk in Eden, then the pure in heart cannot see God." In strong sympathy with modern thought, he expressed, however, his conviction that the Church was getting tired of hearing criticism all the time, and would like less discussion of violins and their method of manufacture, and more of the old songs of Zion. "A man cannot live by criticism alone, nor can he be saved by the things that you take out of the Bible."

The National Council is inhibited by its very constitution from taking any action which is other than advisory to the churches which it represents, and yet even with this limitation it is able to accomplish much which is important to the life of Congregationalism, and which can be expressed only through the channel of this important representative body, the very absence of its legislative and mandatory power making the more emphatic its moral influence.

The most important items of business which were transacted were the following: the passage of a resolution creating a committee to memorialize Congress to take the proper steps to secure the Constitutional amendment making polygamy a crime against the National Government; the commendation of the Anti-Saloon League and other temperance organizations, and the passing of a resolution cautioning ministers to use great care in remarrying divorced persons not divorced according to Scripture standards. A radical but much-needed change in the Ministerial Relief Society was accomplished by a resolution favoring the centralization of the management of the Society in one body of fifteen trustees who should have the double function of holding trust funds and administering the same.

By far the most significant action taken was the vote on the report of the Committee of Fifteen on the federation of the Congregational missionary societies. The

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chief resolutions passed were those recommending: (1) the constitution of the missionary societies' membership in a limited representative governing body, chosen proportionately from the different States; (2) that the various missionary societies should have each one administrative head; (3) that all missionary publications should be united in one, combining home and foreign work; and (4) that the missionary societies should hold annually two meetings, one foreign and one union home meeting, alternately in the East and West.

The meetings, which had covered a wide and varied scope of themes, theological, sociological, and practical, were brought to an effective climax in the closing session by the discussion of purely spiritual subjects. The Rev. G. H. Ide, of Milwaukee, spoke on the living Christ as a vital force in pulpit and pew, bringing out with clearness and vigor the thought that not the historic Christ alone, but the present ever-living Christ, can bring to the Church the spiritual power which it needs for its great work. The Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, of New York, gave the final address on "Consecrated Personality the Supreme Need of the Church of To-Day." In a noble appeal he drew the thoughts of his hearers back to the great principles of Calvinism, with its exaltation of the holiness and authority of God, and amplified the meaning of the clear enunciations of Scripture which lift up before us the majesty of the single soul and make us ask again the solemn question of Christ, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

After the farewell words were spoken, the Moderator delivered his closing address, which in many respects was one of the most notable utterances of the Council. He emphasized the things which distinguish Congregationalism, and called for a still more vigorous assertion of its distinctive principles in the future. Those principles are: the right of each individual to an immediate approach to God; the sovereignty of the local church; the liberty of the believer; and the common brotherhood of man. On the other hand, he urged all Congregationalists still more to exalt the truths which they hold in common with all Christians, and named among these the doctrine of God, the Bible as containing the revelation of the will of God, the supremacy of Jesus Christ as Master and Saviour, the Cross as revealing the way of life, and the sure victory of the kingdom of God.

On Reading "The Making of an American"

By Caroline Sheldon

The world grows weary waiting for the light;
The longed-for morn of peace and love delays
Its coming; men count o'er the snail-like days
While still the shadows, noisome as the night,
Hang o'er them, fearing lest the visions bright
Wherewith the fathers builded were mere haze,
Or cloud-built temples, fair, deceptive rays
Betraying hope and faith and clouding sight,
False beacons. On a sudden flows a breeze
From out the North, pine-scented, fresh, and strong,
Proclaiming that our land has yet the power
To gather in the poor from o'er all seas,
To free them, turn their wailing into song,
Grow with them into Life—man's rightful dower.

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Yale Bicentennial Portraits

By David N. Beach

On God and Godlike men we build our trust.— Tennyson.

I.—DANA

A face so strong it challenged all the man
  Within us ere its lips parted to speak;
  Eyes lighted, steadfast, flashing till the meek
Mien of our scholar seemed to lead the van

In some great battle charge; his countenance
  Fine as a woman's, rugged as a man's;
  His figure lithe and supple in the bans
He set his body; and, within his glance,

The ocean ooze, the shelly limestone base
  Of things, the clays, coals, fossils, igneous dikes,
  Their ores, the plowing glaciers, till he strikes
Man, and man's Maker, standing face to face:

Thus, like a Hebrew seer, our Dana spoke;
Discoursing of the rocks, our doubts he broke.

II.—THACHER

"The noblest Roman of them all!" we said
  Of him who taught the tongue of Tacitus
  With love and insight such, it seemed to us
The speech of living men, and not the dead.

With love of Virgil, Horace, Cicero,
  Of Seneca, Lucretius, Juvenal,
  Of Terence, Laws of Tables Twelve, and all
That Epictetus praised, he made us glow.

But, rarer gift, he deemed us all his boys;
  Sought out our wanderings; woke the soul in us;
  Rebuked, inspired, discovered power, till thus
His was the Christly and redemptive voice.

This Thacher did: his Latin and his life
Made character and learning man and wife.

III.—HADLEY

His halting step across the campus yet
  Seems pressing; or he beams benignly great
  Behind his teacher's desk. We feel the weight
Of his vast learning. With a strange regret

The hour lapses that his lucid mind,
  His skilled inquiry, and his apt reply
  Open the depths of things, as if the sky
Found voice, or God had spoken on the wind.

He was our prince of scholars; his the art
  The mind to open, and the soul to stir:
  Nor can we separate his life from her,
The mother of his boy, who held his heart.

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O Hadleys three, how much our Yale to you
Owes of its greatness and its heart's wealth too!

IV.—BACON

A shock of snow-white hair beneath a hat
Soft, slouched; a beard also of snow; a great
Coat shaggy; eyes that blazed; a tread the mate,
Beneath its rough exterior, of that

Which kings and rulers of the world do use.
He was a king, a Cromwell come again,
A statesman-preacher, with a voice as when
Knox spake, or they whom England did refuse,

Bunyan or Robinson, the Gospel preached.
Old Centre Church his pulpit throne, or our
Grim Chapel, were. His message, for the hour,
To the whole Nation slowly, surely reached.[1]

So sang he, too, his great "Forefathers' Hymn,"
And "Tranquil Hour" revealed the soul of him.

V.—BUSHNELL

Edwards and Bushnell! names are these enough,
Each for a century, to adorn the brow
Of our great Mother, and to make her know
Her "Lux et Veritas" meets not rebuff

In that great life she gives the nations now.
But Bushnell was her seer, as Edwards was
Lawgiver. When Sinai had given laws,
The living vision came from Nebo's brow.

Such vision Bushnell caught, with undimmed eye,
And spake it, "God in Christ" his theme. The new
Day dawns, with him as harbinger; the true
Insight of God, and man, and destiny.

Bushnell, thou "Prophet Evangelical,"
Thou art the crowning glory of our Yale!

VI.—WOOLSEY

But who is he that sits majestic, calm,
With eyes that pierce through insincerity,
With chiseled face from thought's intensity,
With soul as if he saw the great I Am?

Who, 'midst the mighties, seems the mightiest,
Holding conflicting forces with a grasp
So gentle and so strong it seems to clasp
All powers obedient to his high behest?

When the Great Century's stress is on the lands;
When change is everywhere; when things must shape
Aright, or end; reason's and faith's escape
From shame, in jeopardy: who is it stands

Unmoved, sufficient? It is Woolsey. He
Makes possible the Yale that is to be.

[1] Dr. Leonard Bacon's "Lectures on Slavery" began, President Lincoln said, the shaping of his own views on that subject.

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The Man from Glengarry

By Ralph Connor

Author of "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," etc.

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Chap. XX.—"Her Clinging Arms"

THE ancient capital of Canada—the old gray queen of the mighty St. Lawrence—is a city of many charms and of much stately beauty. Its narrow, climbing streets with their quaint shops and curious gables, its old market with chaffering *habitant* farmers and their wives, are full of living interest. Its noble rock, crowned with the ancient citadel, and its sweeping tidal river, lend it a dignity and majestic beauty that no other city knows; and everywhere about its citadel and walls and venerable sacred buildings there still linger the romance and chivalry of heroic days long gone. But there are times when neither the interests of the living present nor the charms of the romantic past can avail, and so a shadow lay upon Maimie's beautiful face as she sat in the parlor of the Hôtel de Cheval Blanc looking out upon the streets and the huddled roofs of the lower town. She held in her hand an open note.

"It is just awfully stupid," she grumbled, "and, I think, pretty mean of him!"

"Of whom, may I ask?" said Kate, pausing in her singing; "or is there any need? What says the gallant lieutenant?"

Maimie tossed her the note.

"'The picnic is postponed.' Well, of course the rain told us that; and he is unavoidably prevented from calling, and entreats your sympathy and commiseration. Well, that's a very nice note, I am sure."

"Where has he been these three days? He might have known it would be stupid, and Harry gives one no satisfaction." Maimie was undeniably cross. "And Ranald, too," she went on, "where has he been? Not even your music could bring him"—with a little spice of spite. "I think men are just horrid, anyway."

"Especially when they will keep away," said Kate.

"Well, what are they good for if not to entertain us? I wish we could do without them! But I do think Ranald might have come."

"Well," said Kate, emphatically, "I can't see why you should expect him."

"Why not?"

"I think you ought to know."

"I? How should I know?" Maimie's innocent blue eyes were wide open with surprise.

"Nonsense!" cried Kate, with impatience rare in her. "Don't be absurd, Maimie; I am not a child."

"What do you mean?"

"You needn't tell me you don't know why Ranald comes. Do you want him to come?"

"Why, of course I do; how silly you are!"

"Well," said Kate, deliberately, "I would rather be silly than cruel and unkind."

"Why, Kate, how dreadful of you!" exclaimed Maimie—'cruel and unkind'!"

"Yes," said Kate; "you are not treating Ranald well. You should not encourage him to—to—care for you when you do not mean to—to—go on with it."

"Oh, what nonsense! Ranald is not a baby; he will not take any hurt."

"Oh, Maimie," said Kate, and her voice was low and earnest, "Ranald is not like other men. He does not understand things. He loves you, and he will love you more every day if you let him. Why don't you let him go?"

"Let him go!" cried Maimie; "who's keeping him?" But as she spoke the flush in her cheek and the warm light in

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her eye told more clearly than words that she did not mean to let him go just then.

"You are," said Kate; "and you are making him love you."

"Why, how silly you are!" cried Maimie. "Of course he likes me, but—"

"No, Maimie," said Kate, with sad earnestness, "he loves you; you can see it in the way he looks at you, in his voice when he speaks, and—oh, you shouldn't let him unless you mean to—to—go on! Send him right away!" There were tears in Kate's dark eyes.

"Why, Katie," cried Maimie, looking at her curiously, "what difference does it make to you? And, besides, how can I send him away? I just treat him as I do Mr. De Lacy."

"De Lacy!" cried Kate, indignantly. "De Lacy can look after himself, but Ranald is different. He is so serious and—and so honest, and he means just what he says, and you are so nice to him, and you look at him in such a way!"

"Why, Kate, do you mean that I try to—" Maimie was righteously indignant.

"You perhaps don't know," continued Kate, "but you can't help being fascinating to men; you know you are, and Ranald believes you so, and—and you ought to be quite straightforward with him!" Poor Kate could no longer command her voice.

"There now," said Maimie, caressing her friend and not unpleased with Kate's description of her—"I'm going to be good. I will just be horrid to both of them, and they'll go away! But, oh, dear! things are all wrong. Poor Ranald!" she said to herself. "I wonder if he will come to the picnic on Saturday."

Kate looked at her friend a moment and wiped away her tears.

"Indeed, I hope he will not," she said, indignantly, "for I know you mean to just lead him on. I have a mind to tell him."

"Tell him what?" said Maimie, smiling.

"Just what you mean to do!"

"I wish you would tell me that."

"Now, I tell you, Maimie," said Kate, "if you go on with Ranald so any longer I will just tell him you are playing with him."

"Do," said Maimie, scornfully, "and be careful to make clear to him at the same time that you are speaking solely in his interest!"

Kate's face flushed red at the insinuation and then grew pale. She stood for some time looking in silence at her friend, and then, with a proud flash of her dark eyes, she swept from the room without a word; nor did Maimie see her again that afternoon, though she stood outside her door entreating with tears to be forgiven. Poor Kate! Maimie's shaft had gone too near a vital spot, and the wound amazed and terrified her. Was it for Ranald's sake alone she cared? Yes, surely it was. Then why this sharp new pain under the hand pressing hard upon her heart? Oh, what did that mean! She put her face in her pillow to hide the red that she knew was flaming in her cheeks, and for a few moments gave herself up to the joy that was flooding her whole heart and soul and all her tingling veins. Oh, how happy she was! For long she had heard of the Glengarry lad from Maimie, and more from Harry, till there had grown up in her heart a warm admiring interest, and now she had come to know him for herself! How little, after all, had they told her of him! What a man he was! how strong and how fearless! How true-hearted, and how his eyes could fill with love! She started up—Love? Love? Ah, where was her joy? How chill the day had grown, and how hateful the sunlight on the river! She drew down the blind and threw herself once more upon the bed shivering and sick with pain—the bitterest that heart can know. Once more she started up.

"She is not worthy of him!" she exclaimed aloud: "her heart is not deep enough; she does not—cannot—love him, and, oh, if some one would only let him know!"

She would tell him herself. No! no! Maimie's sharp arrow was quivering still in her heart. Once more she threw herself upon the bed. How could she bear this that had stricken her! She would go home. She would go to her mother to-morrow. Go away forever from—ah—could she? No, anything but that! She could not go away.

Over the broad river the warm sunlight lay with kindly glow, and the world was full of the soft, sweet air of spring and the songs of mating birds; but the hours passed

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and over the river the shadows began to creep, and the whole world grew dark and the songs of the birds were hushed to silence. Then from her room Kate came down with face serene, and, but for the eyes that somehow made one think of tears, without a sign of the storm that had swept her soul. She did not go home. She was too brave for that. She would stay and fight her battle to the end.

That was a dreary week for Ranald. He was lonely and heartsick for the woods and for his home and friends, but chiefly was he oppressed with the sense of having played the fool in his quarrel with De Lacy, whom he was beginning to admire and like. He surely might have avoided that; and yet, whenever he thought of the game that had swept away from Rouleau all his winter's earnings, and of the cruel blow that had followed, he felt his muscles stiffen and his teeth set tight in rage. No, he would do it all again; nor would he retreat one single step from the position he had taken, but would see his quarrel through to the end. But, worst of all, he had not seen Maimie all the week. His experience with Harry in the ordering of his suit had taught him the importance of clothes, and he now understood, as he could not before, Maimie's manner to him. "That would be it," he said to himself, "and no wonder. What would she do with a great coarse tyke like me?" Then, spite of all his loyalty, he could not help contrasting with Maimie's uncertain and doubtful treatment of him the warm, frank friendliness of Kate. "*She* did not mind my clothes," he thought, with a glow of gratitude; but, sharply checking himself, he added, "But why should she care?" It rather pleased him to think that Maimie cared enough to feel embarrassed at his rough dress. So he kept away from the Hôtel de Cheval Blanc till his new suit should be ready. It was not because of his dress, however, that he steadily refused Harry's invitation to the picnic.

"No, I will not go," he said, with blunt decision, after listening to Harry's pleading. "It is Lieutenant De Lacy's picnic, and I will have nothing to do with him, and, indeed, he will not be wanting me!"

"Oh, he's forgotten all about that little affair," cried Harry.

"Has he? Indeed, then, if he is a man he has not!"

"I guess he hasn't remembered much of anything for the last week," said Harry, with a slight laugh.

"Why not?"

"Oh, pshaw, he's been on a big tear. He only sobered up yesterday."

"Huh!" grunted Ranald, contemptuously. He had little respect for a man who did not know when he had had enough. "What about his job?" he asked.

"His job? Oh, I see. His job doesn't worry him much. He's absent on sick leave. But he's all fit again, and I know he will be disappointed if you do not come to-morrow.

"I will not go," said Ranald, with final decision, "and you can tell him so, and you can tell him why."

And Harry did tell him, with considerable fullness and emphasis, not only of Ranald's decision, but also Ranald's opinion of him, for he felt that it would do that lordly young man no harm to know that a man whom he was inclined to patronize held him in contempt, and for cause. The lieutenant listened for a time to all Harry had to say with apparent indifference, then, suddenly interrupting him, he said:

"Oh, I say, old chap, I wouldn't rub it in if I were you! I have a more or less vague remembrance of having rather indulged in heroics. One can't keep his head with poker and unlimited brandy-and-sodas; they don't go together. It's a thing I almost never do; never in a big game, but the thing got interesting before I knew. But, I say, that Glengarry chap plays a mighty good game. Must get him on again. Feels hot, eh? I will make that all right. And what's the French chap's name—Boileau, Rondeau, eh? Rouleau. Yes, and where could one see him?"

"I can find out from Le Noir, who will be somewhere near Ranald. You can't get him away from him."

"Well, do," said the lieutenant, lazily. "Bring Le Noir to see me. I owe that Rouleau chap an apology. Beastly business! And I'll fix it up with Macdonald. He has the right of it, by Jove! Rather lucky, I fancy, he didn't yield to my solicitations for a try at the other game—from what I remember of the street riot, eh? Would not mind having a go with

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him with the gloves, though. I will see him to-morrow morning. Keep your mind at rest."

Next morning, when Le Noir came to his work, he was full of the lieutenant's praises to Ranald.

"Das fine feller, la Capitaine, eh? Das de Grand Seigneur for sure! He's mak' eet alright wit' Rouleau! He's pay de cash money and he's mak' it de good posish for him, an' set him up the champagne too, by gar!"

"Huh!" grunted Ranald. "Run that crib around the boom there, Le Noir; break it up, and keep your gang moving to-day!"

"Bon," said Le Noir, with alacrity. "I give 'em de big move, me!"

But, however unwilling Ranald was to listen to Le Noir singing the lieutenant's praises, when he met Harry at noon in the office he was himself even more enthusiastic than Le Noir in his admiration of De Lacy.

"I never saw the likes of him," he said. "He could bring the birds out of the trees with that tongue of his. Indeed, I could not have done what he did, whatever. Man, but he is a gentleman!"

"And are you going this evening?"

"That I am," said Ranald. "What else could I do? I could not help myself; he made me feel that mean that I was ready to do anything."

"All right," said Harry, delighted. "I will take my canoe around for you after six."

"And," continued Ranald, with a little hesitation, "he told me he would be wearing a jersey and duck trousers, and I think that was very fine of him."

"Why, of course," said Harry, quite mystified. "What else would he wear?"

Ranald looked at him curiously for a moment and said, "A swallowtail, perhaps, or a blanket, maybe," and he turned away, leaving Harry more mystified than ever.

Soon after six Harry paddled around in his canoe and gave the stern to Ranald. What a joy it was to him to be in a canoe stern again; to feel the rush of the water under his knees; to have the boat glide swiftly on her soundless way down the full-bosomed, sun-bathed river; to see her put her nose into the little waves, and gently, smoothly push them asunder with never a plash or swirl; to send her along straight and true as an arrow in its flight, and then, flip! flip! to swing her off a floating log or around an awkward boat lumbering with clumsy oars. That was to be alive again. Oh, the joy of it! Of all things that move to the will of man there is none like the canoe. It alone has the sweet, smooth glide, the swift, silent dart answering the paddle-sweep, the quick swerve in response to the turn of the wrist. Ranald felt as if he could have gladly paddled on right out to the open sea; but, sweeping around a bend, a long, clear call hailed them, and there, far down at the bottom of a little bay, at the foot of the big scarred and wrinkled rock, the smoke and glimmer of the camp-fire could be seen. A flip of the stern paddle and the canoe pointed for the waving figure, and, under the rhythmic sweep of the paddles, sped like an arrow down the waters sloping to the shore. There, on a great rock, stood Kate, directing their course.

"Here's a good landing," she cried. Right at the rock dashed the canoe at full speed. A moment more and her dainty nose would be battered out of all shape on the cruel rock; but a strong back stroke, a turn of the wrist, flip, and she lay floating quietly beside the rock.

"Splendid!" cried Kate.

"Well done, by Jove!" exclaimed the lieutenant, who was himself an expert with the paddle.

"I suppose you have no idea how fine you look!" cried Kate.

"And I am quite sure," answered Harry, "you have no suspicion of what a beautiful picture you all make." And a beautiful picture it was—the great rocky cliff in the background, tricked out in its new spring green of moss and shrub and tree; the grassy plot at its foot where a little stream gurgled out from the rock; the blazing camp-fire with the little group about it; and in front the sunlit river. How happy they all were! And how ready to please and to be pleased! Even little Mr. Sims had his charm. And at the making of the tea, which Kate had taken in charge with Ranald superintending, what fun there was, with burning of fingers and upsetting of kettles! And then the talk and the laughter at the lieutenant's brilliant jokes, and the chaffing

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of the "lumbermen" over their voracious appetites! It was an hour of never-to-be-forgotten pleasure. They were all children again, and with children's hearts were happy in childhood's simple joys. And why not? There are no joys purer than those of the open air; of grass and trees flooded with the warm light and sweet scents of the soft springtime. Too soon it all came to an end, and then they set off to convoy the stately old lady to her carriage at the top of the cliff. Far in front went Kate, disdaining the assistance of Harry and Mr. Sims, who escorted her. Near at hand the lieutenant was in attendance upon Maimie, who seemed to need his constant assistance; for the way was rough, and there were so many jutting points of rock for wonderful views, and often the very prettiest plants were just out of reach. Last of all came Madam De Lacy climbing the steep path with difficulty and holding fast to Ranald's arm. With charming grace she discoursed of the brave days of old in which her ancestors had played a worthy part. An interesting tale it was, but, in spite of all her charm of speech and grace of manner, Ranald could not keep his mind from following his heart and eye that noted every step and move of the beautiful girl flitting in and out among the trees before them. And well it was that his eyes were following so close, for, as she was reaching for a dainty spray of golden birch, holding by the lieutenant's hand, the treacherous moss slipped from under Maimie's feet, and with a piercing shriek she went rolling down the sloping mountain-side, dragging her escort with her. Like a flash of light Ranald dropped Madam's arm, and, seizing the top of a tall birch that grew up from the lower ledge, with a trick learned as a boy in the Glengarry woods, he swung himself clear over the edge, and, dropping lightly on the mossy bank below, threw himself in front of the rolling bodies, and, seizing them, held fast. In another moment, leaving the lieutenant to shift for himself, Ranald was on his knees beside Maimie, who lay upon the moss white and still.

"Some water, for God's sake!" he cried hoarsely to De Lacy, who stood dazed beside him, and then, before the lieutenant could move, Ranald lifted Maimie in his arms as if she had been an infant and bore her down to the river's edge, and laid her on the grassy bank. Then, taking up a double handful of water, he dashed it in her face. With a little sigh she opened her eyes, and, letting them rest upon his face, said gently, "Oh, Ranald, I am so glad you—I am so sorry I have been so bad to you." She could say no more, but from her closed eyes two great tears made their way down her pale cheeks.

"Oh, Maimie, Maimie!" said Ranald, in a broken voice, "tell me you are not hurt."

Again she opened her eyes and said, "No, I am not hurt, but you will take me home; you will not leave me!" Her fingers closed upon his hand.

With a quick, strong clasp he replied:

"I will not leave you."

In a few minutes she was able to sit up, and soon they were all about her exclaiming and lamenting.

"What a silly girl I am!" she said, with a little tremulous laugh, "and what a fright I must have given you all!"

"Don't rise, my dear," said Madam De Lacy, "until you feel quite strong."

"Oh, I am quite right," said Maimie, confidently; "I am sure I am not hurt in the least."

"Oh, I am so thankful!" cried Kate.

"It is the Lord's mercy," said Ranald, in a voice of deep emotion.

"Are you quite sure you are not hurt?" said Harry, anxiously.

"Yes, I really think I am all right, but what a fright I must look!"

"Thank God!" said Harry, fervently. "I guess you're improving," at which they all laughed.

"Now, I think we must get home," said Madam De Lacy. "Do you think you can walk, Maimie?"

"Oh, yes," cried Maimie, and, taking Ranald's hand, she tried to stand up, but immediately sank back with a groan.

"Oh, it is my foot," she said. "I am afraid it is hurt."

"Let me see," cried Harry. "I don't think it is broken," he said, after feeling it carefully, "but I have no doubt it is a very bad sprain. You can't walk, for certain."

"Then we shall have to carry her," said Madam De Lacy, and she turned to her son.

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"I fear I can offer no assistance," said the lieutenant, pointing to his arm, which was hanging limp at his side.

"Why, Albert, are you hurt? What is the matter? Are you hurt?" cried his mother, anxiously.

"Not much, but I fear my arm is useless. You might feel it," he said to Ranald.

Carefully Ranald passed his hand down the arm.

"Say nothing," whispered the lieutenant to him. "It's broken. Tie it up some way." Without a word Ranald stripped the bark of a birch-tree, and, making a case, laid the arm in it and bound it firmly with the handkerchief about his neck.

"We ought to have a sling," he said, turning to Kate.

"Here," said Madam De Lacy, "take this," untying a lace scarf from her neck. "Take this."

Kate took the scarf, and, while Ranald held the arm in place, she deftly made it into a sling.

"There," said the lieutenant, "that feels quite comfortable. Now let's go."

"Come, Maimie, I'll carry you up the hill," said Harry.

"No," said Ranald, decidedly, "she will go in the canoe. That will be easier."

"Quite right," said the lieutenant. "Sims, perhaps you will give my mother your arm, and if Miss Kate will be kind enough to escort me, we can all four go in the carriage; but first we shall see the rest of the party safely off."

"Come then, Maimie," said Harry, approaching his sister. "Let me carry you."

But Maimie glanced up at Ranald, who, without a word, lifted her in his arms.

"Put your arm about his neck, Maimie," cried Harry; "you will go more comfortably that way. Ranald won't mind," he added, with a laugh.

At the touch of her clinging arms the blood mounted slowly into Ranald's neck and face, showing red through the dark tan of his skin.

"How strong you are," said Maimie, softly, "and how easily you carry me! But you would soon tire of me," she added, with a little laugh.

"I would not tire forever," said Ranald, as he laid her gently down in the canoe.

"I shall send the carriage for you," said Madam De Lacy, "to the wharf, and you will come right home to me!"

Ranald took his place in the stern, with Maimie reclining in the canoe so as to face him.

"You are sure you are comfortable?" he said, with anxious solicitude in his tone.

"Quite," she replied, with a cozy little snuggle down among the cushions placed around her.

"Then let her go," cried Ranald, dipping in his paddle.

"Good-by," cried Kate, waving her hand at them from the rock. "We'll meet you at the wharf. Take good care of your burden, Ranald."

With hardly a glance at her, Ranald replied, "You may be sure of that," and, with a long swinging stroke, shot the canoe out into the river. For a moment or two Kate stood looking after them, and then, with a weary look in her face, turned, and with the lieutenant followed Madam De Lacy and Mr. Sims.

"You are tired," said the lieutenant, looking into her face.

"Yes," she replied, with a little sigh, "I think I am tired."

The paddle home was all too short to Ranald, but whether it took minutes or hours he could not have told. As in a dream he swung his paddle and guided his canoe. He saw only the beautiful face and the warm light in the bright eyes before him. He woke to see Kate on the wharf before them, and for a moment he wondered how she came there. Once more, as he bore her from the canoe to the carriage, he felt Maimie's arms clinging about his neck and heard her whisper, "You will not leave me, Ranald," and again he replied:

"No, I will not leave you!"

Swiftly the De Lacy carriage bore them through the crooked, climbing streets of the city and out along the country road, then up the stately avenue of beeches, and drew up before the broad stone steps of a noble old château. And once more Ranald lifted Maimie in his arms and carried her up the broad stone steps and through the great oak-paneled hall into Madam De Lacy's own cozy sitting-room, and there he laid her safely in a snug nest of cushions prepared for her. There was nothing more to do but to say

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good-by and come away, but it was Harry that first brought this to Ranald's mind.

"Good-by, Ranald," said Maimie, smiling up into his face. "I cannot thank you for all you have done to-day, but I am sure Madam De Lacy will let you come to see me sometimes."

"I shall be always glad to see you," said the little lady, with gentle, old-fashioned courtesy, "for we both owe much to you this day."

"Thank you," said Ranald, quietly, "I will come," and passed out of the room, followed by Harry and Kate.

At the great hall door Kate stood and watched them drive away, waving her hand in farewell.

"Good-by," cried Harry; "don't forget us in your stately palace." But Ranald made no reply. He had no thought for her. But still she stood and watched the carriage till the beeches hid it from her view, and then, with her hand pressed against her side, she turned slowly into the hall.

As the carriage rolled down the stately avenue, Ranald sat absorbed in deepest thought, heeding not his companion's talk.

"What's the matter with you, Ranald? What are you thinking of?" at last cried Harry, impatiently.

"What?" answered Ranald in strange confusion. "I cannot tell you." Unconsciously, as he spoke, he put up his hand to his neck, for he was still feeling the pressure of those clinging arms, and all the way back the sounds of the rolling wheels and noisy, rattling streets wrought themselves into one sweet refrain—"You will not leave me, Ranald;" and often in his heart he answered, "No, I will not," with such a look on his face as men wear when pledging life and honor.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Drink Problem in New York City Politics

By George E. Waring, Jr.

On another page Mr. Jacob A. Riis pays an eloquent tribute to the memory of Colonel Waring, and tells our readers what Colonel Waring's work for New York City and its people accomplished. The following article was written for The Outlook by Colonel Waring just a year after the municipal campaign of 1897, and was printed in the issue of The Outlook for October 15, 1898. It has as strong an application to-day to the problem treated as it had three years ago, and it has seemed to The Outlook that it is well worth while to present again at this time its vigorous utterances.—THE EDITORS.

AS I am going to recommend some things which a certain class of readers may think wrong, let me begin this paper with a very distinct statement of my own opinion. I am convinced that if the use of alcoholic beverages could be absolutely done away with, the community would be the better for it. All that the most zealous advocates of total abstinence say as to the effects of habitual drinking and of drunkenness is true. If it were possible to stop drinking by prohibition, I should be a Prohibitionist, and I should cease my own very moderate use of wine and spirits.

If anything has been proved by a third of a century of "Prohibition," it is that it does not prohibit. It prevents the regulation of the liquor traffic and the collection of public revenue; it does not prevent excessive and most demoralizing use of liquor, in secret and exultant violation of law. For all that, the temperance movement has done almost incalculable good, in that it has made drunkenness discreditable. There is now no class of society—no matter how low—which, as a class, does not look down on a drunkard. Before the advocates of temperance began their active work, fifty-odd years ago, the reverse was the case. There was then no class—no matter how high—which, as a class, condemned drinking as a vice and looked with reprobation on a respectable gentleman in his cups. Drinking was no more condemned than dueling was. So recently as when I was a well-grown boy, he was a bold man who would say that he would not accept a challenge; and I often saw a son of a respectable house in

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the village, acting as clerk in his father's store, sell rum at three cents a glass, with a jolly leer in his eye when he was getting his customer more than half seas over. He afterwards attained a very distinguished position, and such conduct would now seem to him worse than disgraceful.

There came to live among us in those days a handsome and cultivated gentleman whose habits were of the worst; he was rarely sober at noon, and he was habitually drunk at night. He was much respected, and when he died he was sincerely regretted. The most striking impression he left on the community was connected with the fact that he had come to the village with a certain sum of money, saying that when he had drunk that up he should die. He literally drank himself to death, and left but sixpence of his fortune. While they were sorry for him and for his ways, the people thought him a wonderfully clever manager to have brought things out so evenly.

That less than sixty years should have brought about such a vast change in sentiment concerning drink is to the highest honor of those who have fought the evil with all their might, and who are still fighting it effectively. What they have accomplished is simply a radical reversal of popular sentiment. The ground they have gained has been made secure largely by the action of employers, who, as a very widely general rule, reject applicants who drink.

Temperance has struck its roots, and it will grow stronger as time goes on. Thank God for this. What now most interests those who care for good government in New York is the degree to which and the way in which the work of its advocates should be aided by law and by administration. It is to those who care for such government that this appeal is made.

Our population has come from all parts of the world, and, as Superintendent Byrnes once told me, "they have brought their mannerisms and their prejudisms with them." These immigrants are very rapidly becoming good Americans, but they and their children, like the rest of us, are much influenced by old customs, and have rather firmly fixed ideas as to personal rights. It is only a small proportion of any population that is willing to have its *habits* interfered with by law. We are proud of being "a liberty-loving people," and most of us think that liberty, like charity, begins at home; we care more for *personal* liberty, which touches our daily life, than we do for national liberty, whose touch is much less felt. It is not too much to say that—the actually criminal classes and the drunkards aside—ours is a population of good citizens. Patriotic pride in the city is by no means confined to the rich and the well-to-do. It is quite as well established among "the other half." Standards vary. In one quarter of the town, and among a certain class, there is a respect for more laws than in another quarter and among another class; but there is no more respect for law in general. Laws protecting property and personal safety are universally respected. Laws which affect customs and which restrain personal indulgence have much more respect among those who are influenced by high social, moral, and religious standards than among those who are not so controlled, but who are very good citizens, all the same.

No fair view can be taken of the situation without bearing constantly in mind that this is a land of absolute religious freedom; that one has as much legal right to believe one thing as another, or to believe nothing. The Church may persuade a man; it cannot force him. The law can interfere only to protect the many against a violation of its peace by the conduct of the few. This is no more true as to religious questions than as to personal customs and habits. When religion, fashion, or prejudice undertakes to compel all persons to live according to its standards, it invades individual liberty, and invites, as it deserves, the condemnation and the resistance of those who claim the right to live otherwise.

Whatever effective action is to be taken to regulate the sale of alcoholic drinks must be taken with a constant regard to these considerations. We cannot enforce temperance, any more than we can enforce religion. As we may persuade a man to accept the tenets of Christianity, so we may persuade him to abstain from drinking to excess, or from drinking at all. At the same time, while we cannot prevent, we can regulate; and, from the nature of the case, we can apply regulation more

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easily and with far less irritation to the sale of drink than to its use.

As an itinerant preacher of strange doctrine can harangue a crowd in the street only under the control of the police, so the liquor-seller can dispense his beverages only under the same control. In the latter case, as in the former, the purpose is to protect the community from avoidable infringement of its rights. The preacher must not disturb the peace of the public nor violate its reasonable sense of propriety; and the saloon-keeper must be subjected to the same restriction. In his case, because his influence is so all-pervading, and because his traffic is so much more pernicious in some of its effects, a stricter regulation is proper.

The great question is, How far is it wise to go in limiting the freedom of liquor-selling? If we had only to consider the effect of the traffic on those who support it, the answer would not be difficult, for whatever tends to suppress drunkenness must be very desirable. But there are other considerations. The need of good government is paramount to all other needs, and good government relates not only, nor chiefly, to sobriety; it includes in its purview everything that affects the good of all the people—which is only a shorter way of saying that there is no single interest of any man, woman, or child in the city which is not—often unconsciously—affected by its government. This is not the place to argue this proposition, if argument is needed. Surely all who give attention to the subject will at once admit its truth.

We must, then, make even the drink question subordinate to the larger question of securing the best possible administration of our public affairs. In order to get good government, we must secure the votes of many men who do not think as we do about many things. We must give as well as take; and if we are liberal in our giving, we can take a great deal. My official life in New York brought me, necessarily, into contact with all sorts of people, and I came to have a sincere regard for whole classes which are entirely unknown to those who move in other circles. There is a vast deal of honest manliness where those who live mainly among the more prosperous imagine that there is only a very low grade of humanity, actuated by a hatred of the rich and a suspicion of the better educated.

These people want what we want. They want good schools, clean streets, good magistrates, a well-ordered police, sufficient parks, a low death-rate, and good government generally. They do not want, nor do we, too much interference with personal habits and familiar customs. They, like ourselves, grow restive and unreasonable under espionage and unnecessary annoyance.

On the whole, it is not too much to say that we shall never have permanent good government in New York so long as our common people are annoyed as they have been by unnecessarily irritating Sunday restrictions and too sharp interference with the saloons. When they can do openly what they are now forced to do by stealth—and what they certainly will do in one way or the other—they will have more respect for law, will lead more orderly lives, and will be less easily led to vote for the sort of government under which we are now suffering.

It is not easy to formulate a method of saloon regulation and of Sunday restriction which will satisfy all classes, but there is surely some middle ground on which all can meet with reasonable satisfaction, where the conditions will not be intolerable to any except the extremists of both sides; and laws are not made to satisfy extremists, but to make life agreeable to the great mass of the population. In my judgment, the influence of example, of persuasion, of self-interest, and of social improvement will be more effective when our laws cease to regard drinking as a *crime*. Take the mass of our German population, for instance. They have been accustomed for generations to the free—but generally not excessive—drinking of beer, and to the devotion of their Sunday afternoons to social intercourse in places of public resort where beer flows freely. The habit is practically universal with all classes, and not even the most religious element of the community thinks of condemning it. They come here and find their innocent national habits frowned upon, and themselves subjected to annoying and, as they think, absurd restrictions. They will vote for a pretty bad lot of public officers to escape from such tyranny,

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and they will listen with scorn to all talk of "Reform" which proposes to tolerate it.

Those who are addicted to strong drink, in like manner, consider it none of the law's business to interfere forcibly with their personal habits and tastes; and a very large number of excellent citizens, whose habits and tastes are not at all the same, think with them and vote with them.

While a method cannot be easily formulated which would satisfy our country lawgivers and our city people at the same time, there are certain general principles which must be accepted before we get to a point where we shall be free from the present disastrous interference with our efforts for good government:

(1) The "Puritan Sabbath" can never be made acceptable to the people of New York.

(2) Beer is not to be classed with whisky as an objectionable beverage.

(3) Whisky is demanded by a very large number of persons who will connive at the violation of law to get it, if need be, every day in the week.

(4) Beer is regarded by many thousands of citizens as being as harmless, if not as necessary, as bread; and they will see the fiend incarnate in the Mayor's chair rather than have their habit of taking it—on any day in the week—repressed by the police.

(5) There will be no objection to any reasonable tax on the sale of both beverages, nor to any *reasonable* regulation of the manner and the hours of their sale.

1. The first of these principles will be of slower and more difficult acceptance than all the others, for those who have been Americans for generations, like a very large majority of the people of this State, have had the sanctity of the Puritan Sabbath ground into their habit of thought to such a degree that—while most of them do not allow it to control their own habits—they think, as a matter of course, that they must treat it with great respect when it is presented to them as a fetish. Those zealous Christians who really believe that it is wicked to do pleasant things on Sunday are relatively very few; those who are ready to take up the Puritan Sunday as a political shibboleth are, as we have seen, numerous enough to make mischief for this city. Tammany, for example, asks no better ground for a campaign than the advocacy of Sunday rigidity by its opponents. It knows that thousands will vote with it because of this condition alone.

New York has not been for a generation a Puritan city, and it is growing away from Puritanism year by year. By a very large majority, it believes in making Sunday a day of innocent recreation—and it asks nothing that it does not believe to be innocent. Even the most rigid sabbatarian would realize, if he could persuade himself to wander on a pleasant Sunday afternoon through Central Park, the Art Museum and the Museum of Natural History, and go up the Riverside Drive to Claremont, that the hundreds of thousands whom he would meet there were getting only benefit from their happy and healthy excursion away from the dull and often sordid surroundings of their workaday life. If, encouraged by this, he would visit a great German beer-garden, he would find men, women, and children engaged in a perfectly rational enjoyment to which their race has been accustomed at home. He would see little, if anything, to which he could object—very much less than he would find at the same time in any frequented street of the city. If he could only be made to realize the degree to which his prejudices tend to favor the continuance of a government which he considers absolutely bad, he would see that his plan of making Sunday a day of open gloom and of secret evasion of law is the very worst plan to which he could give his support. One of the most useful efforts to which the reformer could apply himself would be to preach these truths to the rigid adherents of the austere Sunday.

2. No distinction is made in the remarkable Raines Law between whisky and other drinks which make men drunk, and light beer and wines, which at worst—and that rarely—make them dull. Nearly all the harm that grows from drinking is the work of the liquor-saloon. Waste of time and waste of money is the worst that can be seriously charged to the *Biergarten* or the *Bierhalle;* and the waste of time and money is not a proper subject for legislation. Lager-beer and the lighter sorts of wines contain a certain small percentage of alcohol—not enough to do

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such harm as the law need notice. Places where only these are sold should pay a certain moderate tax or license fee, because their business is a long-established source of public revenue, and because they should be securely registered for police supervision. Liquor-saloons, where beverages are sold having a higher percentage of alcohol, should pay a *very* much higher tax or fee—so much as to reduce their present number very greatly. The saloon, in its present development, is a curse to the people, and the greatest amount of restraint may properly be applied to it which will leave it possible for those who wish to buy its wares to do so without material inconvenience. Four saloons at the crossing of two streets are a shameful excess. The more the number of saloons can be restricted, the better they can be regulated.

3. Reprehend as we may the drinking of strong liquors, we must confine our contest with it to regulation and to moral suasion. We cannot prevent it by force. So long as men will drink, our best course is to lessen the glaring temptation to it which too frequent facilities afford, and to do what we can to make the practice orderly and decent. Those who sell and those who drink will offer no marked opposition to such a course. Neither will they oppose very considerable Sunday restrictions, so long as these do not make it necessary to sell and to drink on the sly and in violation of law. Most of those who drink whisky would much prefer not to break a law in doing so; and they have a great disgust for a law which requires them to order a "meal" when they want a drink. They see no virtue in the stale old sandwich which is set out beside their glass to make their drinking legal. They are common-sense persons and they want common-sense treatment. If they cannot have it, they will vote wrong until it is given to them.

4. We can never get "the German vote," and the enormous sympathetic vote that goes with it, until we allow light beer and light wines to be sold as freely on Sunday—at least after the morning church hours—as on any other day in the week. And we shall never have the much-needed cordial vote and support of a large majority of the people for good government until we are ready to concede thus much to those who feel that they have a right to demand it. In my opinion, there is only one side to this question, save in the minds of those who adhere strictly, and most injuriously, to the sabbatarian limitations.

5. Conceding the foregoing, it will be easy to establish and to enforce any necessary regulations that good public order and decency may require, and to impose such a tax on the traffic in both liquor and the lighter drinks as will cover the whole cost of our school system, however large it may be. Our people have been so long accustomed to harassing exactions affecting their personal habits as to drink that they will willingly pay a very high price if they are allowed to do legally and at their own pleasure what they are now compelled to do under annoying restrictions.

If our best people, among the poor no less than among the rich, could be made to see the case as it is set forth here, and to act and vote accordingly, we should soon see the last of the present sort of Tammany government. Even Tammany itself would learn that its only chance for remaining in power would be to abandon its present corrupt ways and to satisfy itself with the honor of ruling the city wisely and honestly. It can hardly be doubted that it would govern in this way rather than not govern at all. There is no reason why wise and honest government should not be gladly accepted at the hands of Tammany Hall. We are not fighting the name, but the present aim, of that organization. We can defeat this aim only when we shall have given such treatment to the drink problem as common sense, and, in the city of New York, religion itself, demands.

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The People in My Watch

By Thomas K. Beecher

The late Dr. Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira, had a peculiarly happy way of presenting helpful truth in apologue and allegory. The following little tale is an excellent specimen of his originality in this direction. It is one of a collection of stories of this sort which will soon be published in book form under the imprint as publisher of Mr. Hosmer H. Billings, Elmira, N. Y.—THE EDITORS.

"LET me out. I want to stretch. I'm all curled up and crippled. Let me out, I say."

Of course I couldn't write any more when I heard such cries of distress by me on the table.

"I say, let me out! I can't stand it."

And I found that the voice was from inside a splendid watch that lay on my table—one of the best watches that I ever knew. Keep it wound up, and it will run a year without losing half a minute. The man that had it before me said that it hadn't varied fifteen seconds in a year.

Of course I was surprised to hear cries of distress coming from so good a watch. I thought that the inside works of a good watch were contented. Pray, where shall we find contentment if not in a watch, where everything is so smooth and clean and regular, and keeps going on without any fuss or dust; enough to do every second, and not a bit too much!

"I say, do you hear? Let me out. I can't turn. I can't stretch."

The voice came from the Mainspring. I learned this by listening closely at a little hole that is left in the mainspring barrel, through which the Teeth talk back to the Mainspring. You see, the hole was left there to put oil in, or to look through, or to talk through, or *something*. It was a half-round hole in Mainspring's "prison," as he called it. And so the Teeth of the spring barrel spoke back:

"Oh, keep quiet, keep quiet! We can't get along any faster than we do. We let you uncurl once a day. What more can you ask?"

"Well, but let me stretch out now. Let me jump. Let me spin and break things. I feel as if I could."

"Oh, we can't move," said Teeth, "any better than you can. You strain on us, and we strain on the pinion of the Centerwheel. I am sure we wish that Centerwheel would turn faster, but he won't. His teeth come round—we have got pretty well acquainted with them now—they come round about once an hour. They won't hurry."

"Well," said Mainspring, "punch 'em up, punch 'em up! Let's have things moving."

"We're doing our best. But, as you say so, we'll talk to them as they come round. I say, Centerwheel, can't you hurry up a little?"

"Why, bless you," answered Centerwheel, "don't you see that we have to wait on Thirdwheel? You are all the while driving us up, and we go as fast as we can, but we can't hurry up this everlasting slow-coach of a Thirdwheel. It goes along in little bits of jerks. There is something or other beyond it that makes a click-clack once in so often, just enough to make one wish it would go more. Jolly! I wish I was Thirdwheel. I'd let her rip, and have a good time."

"Well," said Centerwheel, "pass it on. Find out what is the matter."

So they passed it on till it came to 'Scapewheel, with its few and funny teeth—only eight or ten of them. But it was a beautiful wheel, and very delicate, and it kept playing with two jewels, hitting one and then hitting the other; and as soon as they were hit, they would dodge back out of the way; and the jewels couldn't tell why they were dodging so regularly.

They "heard tell," they said, "of a Wigwag that did nothing all day long but go wigwag up there on top of us all, having such a good time—he just goes round once in one direction, and then dances round in the other direction—doesn't have to go on regularly, the way we do. It's a real good time he has up there on top of us all!"

"Down with him!" said Mainspring.

"Put him down!" said Teeth.

"Kill him!" said Pinion.

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"Let me out!"

"Let us up!"

"Let's run!"

But the teeth were strong, and the pinions sound, and they couldn't get away from each other.

Back and forth went the Balance, which they called Wigwag. And when the grumblers down below held their tongues a minute, and were hard at work, Balance measured off his words regularly and said:

"I, too, go in the dark. I am lonely here. I go on one way, I go back; I go the same way, I go back. I don't know what I do it for. I am shut in as much as you are. You drive me, and I'm driven. What's it all for, I'm sure I can't tell. A watch is a very great mystery!"

Then they held a watch council. They stopped complaining and quarreling and scolding one another, and the question they talked about was:

"What are we for, anyway? What is a watch? We are all shut in here, and we can't get out. What are we for, anyway?"

So they began to look along back from wheel to wheel, till they came to Center-wheel again, and he said:

"My long axle sticks out through the watch, and I don't know what's on the other end of me. It goes on through, and now and then I see a little light coming in from that direction. What is done out there I'm sure I can't tell."

"That's the way with me, too," said little Fourthwheel. "One of my pivots is long, and reaches out through a little hole, and a little light comes in now and then; but what's it all for, I'm sure I don't know."

"Well, what is it for?" said Mainspring.

"What?" said Thirdwheel.

And they all kept on working, wondering WHAT?

So I took up the watch and went with it down to our observatory. It was a beautiful evening. I looked at the hands on the face of the watch, and then I looked through the telescope of the transit instrument, waiting for a star that I should see before long.

Pretty soon the star came sailing in toward the spider lines in the telescope. I held the watch to my ear and began to count the half-seconds. I noted exactly the time when the star touched the spider lines in the telescope. And when the star had got across them all, I corrected the figures and looked at my watch—my beautiful watch—and found it thirteen seconds slow. Mainspring and two wheels had been listening and wondering, and when I said, "Thirteen seconds slow," Mainspring whispered to Balance:

"Ask him! ask him what is going on there outside."

So Balance ticked out to me: "'Thirteen seconds slow,' what is that, sir?"

"Don't you know what a watch is for?" said I.

"No," said Balance.

"Why, every time the stars seem to go round us once, your hour-hand must go round twice. So it will make no difference whether I measure a year by your hands that you stick out for me to look at, or by the great stars that God gave me to look at. And when I get a watch that goes regularly, according to God's stars, then I call it a good watch."

"Is that what we are for?" said Balance.

"Yes," said I, "that's what you are for—to go regularly according to God's stars, and help me to go regularly. And I help my boys and girls to go regularly."

"Can you see out?" asked Balance.

"Not very far," I answered.

"Do you want to know what you are for?" asked Balance.

"Yes, I wish I did," I answered.

"Can you ever find out?"

"Yes, I shall know when somebody away up outside tells me, the way I told you."

"What did you say we were for, sir?"

"To go round with God's stars."

Balance said to Fourthwheel: "We keep time with the stars."

And so they passed it back, till they got to Mainspring in his barrel, and told him: "We keep time with the stars."

"Oh, is that it?" said he. "Well, then, I will pull away as hard as I can."

And ever since that night, no matter when I choose to listen, I hear them singing inside my watch-case: "We keep step with the stars. We keep step with the stars."

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Afloat with Old Glory. By a Blue Jacket of the Old Navy. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 140 pages. $1.

Anne Scarlett. By M. Imlay Taylor. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 4½×7½ in. 350 pages. $1.25.

Although this story has its scenes laid in the days of the witchcraft scare in Boston, its spirit is as romantically sensational as that which marks "The Red Staircase," or any other of Miss Taylor's French romances. It pulls a bit on our credulity to believe that a gay lady of the Stuart court would leave all behind and drag an aged and half-sick husband with her to America, for the purpose of trying again her arts on an escaped, handsome young Puritan lover in the dull, gray atmosphere of the Boston of Cotton Mather's days. Her machinations to destroy the young girl beloved by this former lover, and her success in fastening upon her the charge of witchcraft, make the burden of a story which the reader will certainly not find dull. Neither is it altogether improbable; save that any one who has ever looked into Mather's quaint and solemn discourses on witchcraft will hardly believe he could be the dupe of such a woman as is described in these pages.

Benefactress (The). By the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×7½ in. 444 pages.

Reserved for later notice

Chatterton: A Biography. By David Masson, LL.D. (New and Revised Edition.) Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 320 pages. $1.75, net.

A reprint of a series of chapters or essays which first appeared nearly fifty years ago; a very sympathetic study, rather diffusely written, and enthusiastic rather than critical.

Cicero: Select Orations. Edited by Benjamin L. D'Ooge, Ph.D. (Student's Series of Latin Classics.) Benj. H. Sanborn & Co., Boston. 5×7 in. 146 pages.

Circumstance. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D. The Century Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 495 pages.

A novel of character and motive, written with refinement and subtlety. We shall speak of it at a later date at some length.

Coals of Fire. By M. Frances Hanford-Delanoy. The Abbey Press, New York. 5¼×8 in. 204 pages. $1.

Constantinople and Its Problems. By Henry Otis Dwight, LL.D. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 298 pages. $1.25, net.

This volume, by a missionary of the American Board who has lived many years at Constantinople, is entertaining rather than profound. On the cover is a quotation from the New York "Tribune" commending the author, who was at one time its correspondent, and whose letters from Constantinople it characterizes as "by far the best furnished from that point to any American newspaper." This gives a hint as to the character of the book, which is journalistic in its literary tone. It consists of a series of kodaks which are artistically conceived and well taken. It is not pietistic nor philosophical nor dull; it is vivacious, pictorial, interesting. Imagine yourself at a dinner-table with a man who sees well, remembers well, talks well, has lived long in Constantinople, and is broad-minded and human. Such as his dinner talk would be this book is.

Country Store Window (A). By Herbert Holmes. The Abbey Press, New York. 5¼×8 in. 375 pages. $1.

Defeated but Victor Still; or, Heirs of the Fonca Estate. By William V. Lawrence. The Abbey Press, New York. 5¼×8 in. 424 pages. $1.

Dr. Carrington. By I. C. de Vane. Illustrated by the Author. The Abbey Press, New York. 5¼×8 in. 237 pages. $1.

England's Story: A History for Grammar and High Schools. By Eva March Tappan, Ph.D. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 370 pages. 85c., net.

In breadth, fairness of intention, and avoidance of aught that might stir partisan feeling or raise protest from pride of race, the spirit of this juvenile history is admirable, and might give a hint to some more pretentious histories. The brief insight into the characters even of the Norman kings is excellent, while the intricate and vexatious questions that have galled—and still gall—the policies and relations of the three kingdoms, England, Ireland, and Scotland, are touched upon in praiseworthy manner, and their ancient standing towards one another fairly indicated. Even the invasions of the pagan and terrible Danes are fairly treated. The author, by the way, makes the latter responsible wholly for the breaking up of the famous schools of learning which once placed Ireland ahead of all her neighbors—a point upon which many gleaners in early British history may not agree with her. She also incidentally states that, while England drove out the Northmen, Ireland was never able to do so; apparently forgetting that England absorbed more than she drove out, and that it was really in Ireland, under the redoubtable old Brian Boru, at the beginning of the eleventh century, that they were driven out, bag and baggage, and in all their ships sailed up to Iceland—after the decisive battle at Clontarf, the twenty-second in which they were defeated.

English as She is Taught: Genuine Answers to Some Examination Questions Asked in Our Public Schools. Collected by Caroline B. Le Row. The Century Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 108 pages. $1.

A new edition of an extremely entertaining book, containing genuine answers made by

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public-school children to examination questions, with a characteristic introduction by Mark Twain, which constitutes a new chapter in the book and is a distinct contribution to its humorous interest.

Essays in Historical Criticism. By Edward Gaylord Bourne. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×9 in. 304 pages. $2, net.

Of these thirteen papers, varying in length from three pages to over a hundred, the most elaborate and important is on "The Legend of Marcus Whitman." The generally accepted story, to which historical scholars like Professors Burgess and McMaster have given indorsement, viz., that the brave missionary, by a perilous winter ride across the continent in 1842, dissuaded our Government from the surrender of Oregon to Great Britain, Professor Bourne's searching criticism transfers from history to legend. None the less are Whitman's claims to honorable remembrance, especially in Oregon and Washington, acknowledged. That our Government was not in the least disposed to the surrender of Oregon is demonstrated. All that Whitman could have done would have been to stiffen it in its policy and supply useful information, as he probably did. Among other papers of great interest in the volume is that on "The Proposed Absorption of Mexico in 1847–48," as in marked contrast with our appropriation of the Philippines.

Essays: Theological and Literary. By Charles Carroll Everett. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 358 pages. $1.75, net.

Etiquette for All Occasions. By Mrs. Burton Kingsland. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 531 pages. $1.50, net.

First Across the Continent: The Exploring Expedition of Lewis and Clark in 1803-4-5. By Noah Brooks. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 365 pages. $1.50.

In 1803 Napoleon sold to us the tract known as "The Country of Louisiana," a tract greater than the whole area of the United States as it then existed. The new territory comprised the present States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, the Dakotas, Wyoming, Montana, and parts of Idaho and Colorado. With characteristic foresight, Jefferson realized the value to our country of such a transaction, and, according to the opinion of many historians, was its prime mover. When living in Paris, in 1785–9, he ventured the opinion that the most feasible route to our Pacific fur-bearing lands—the territory of Oregon was already ours—lay through the Russian possessions to the north, and thence down the coast (in 1778 Captain Cook had landed in Alaska, and later gave to the world its first authentic knowledge of that land). When the Russian Government heard of Jefferson's recommendation, it immediately threw obstacles in his way. Nothing daunted, the statesman then proposed to explore the region of the direct West, ascending the Big Muddy (Missouri) River to the Stony (Rocky) Mountains, and then descending the nearest river—perhaps the traditional Oregon or River of the West—to the Pacific. Hence the origin of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, an expedition which became doubly necessary as soon as Madison and Livingston arranged for the Louisiana purchase, thus extending our domain from ocean to ocean. Mr. Noah Brooks's latest volume recounts the story of this expedition (1803–4–5). It is well that we should have a popular account to interest readers, young and old, of the earliest expedition conducted by white men to cross the continent of North America. Lewis and Clark were also the first men to explore the valleys of the Upper Missouri, the Yellowstone, and the Columbia. Mr. Brooks's text is doubled in value because accompanied by graphic illustration from the pens of such artists as Messrs. Seton-Thompson, Frost, Yohn, and Catlin.

First Men in the Moon (The). By H. G. Wells. The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. 5×7½ in. 312 pages.

Not, we think, Mr. Wells's best work, but sufficiently bizarre and hideously realistic.

Footing it in Franconia. By Bradford Torrey. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 246 pages. $1.10, net.

This is the seventh or eighth volume which has come from the hand of Mr. Torrey, who has now justified his claim to be ranked among the original contributors to the literature of nature in this country—that literature which is partly scientific, partly a matter of observation, and partly a matter of sentiment, and which in the combination of these qualities is distinctly American. Mr. Torrey is a thorough student and has become a trained observer. He goes abroad for the sake of seeing things, and his attention is fastened upon the significant and interesting phenomena, however detailed, of the world about him. But, like Thoreau, Mr. Burroughs, and the whole group of American writers of this class, he always takes his ideas with him; and his observations, when they find record, are interspersed with suggestions, comments, hints, glimpses of truth, and reminiscences, which give the record of fact deeper interest and wider scope.

Footsteps of Truth. By I. M. Morris. The Abbey Press, New York. 5¼×8 in. 122 pages. $1.

The author, a plain, benevolent man, finds the basis of social welfare in the home and the school, and pleads with the churches to promote social reform in the lines of Jesus' teaching. At this point he turns an unexpected corner, indicting legislation for hindering social progress by making money dear, and brands a hard-money basis of paper currency as a pernicious delusion. But the statistics he relies on are not of recent date.

Four in Hand. By Mrs. A. M. Castello. Illustrated. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 5×7½ in. 477 pages. $1.50.

Francesco Raibolini, called Francia. By George C. Williamson, Litt.D. The Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture Series. Illustrated. George Bell & Sons, London. 5¼×8 in. 160 pages.

The latest addition to that increasingly valuable series, "The Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture," is by Dr. Williamson, the general editor of the series, a critic who has already contributed to it volumes on Perugino and Luini, books as valuable as any in the list.

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On a par with those we must now place his biography of Francia, and the work is specially notable because Dr. Williamson sometimes differs from generally established opinions. The only other life of Francia available for English readers is the half of Mrs. Ady's small book on "Mantegna and Francia." Dr. Williamson's is, of course, a more adequate study. He is peculiarly the one to write a new biography, since a study of Francia's works comes naturally in sequence after a study of Perugino's.

French Revolution and Religious Reform (The). By William Milligan Sloane, L.H.D., L.L.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8¾ in. 333 pages. $2, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Frigate's Namesake (A). By Alice Balch Abbot. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 245 pages. $1, net.

This story sets forth the achievements of a little heroine who, fired with patriotism, essays to make a study of all the achievements of the American navy. Her delight in its affairs brings her new friends and delightful experiences. The little girl's acquirements will furnish most entertaining information for all young people, who cannot do better than become acquainted with her.

Great Epochs in Art-History. By James M. Hoppin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5½×8½ in. 247 pages. $1.75, net.

To his interesting books on Greek and Renaissance Art Professor Hoppin now adds a volume on "Great Epochs in Art-History." The particular epochs described are the post-Pheidian period of Greek sculpture, French Gothic architecture, Italian religious painting, and English pre-Raphaelitism. The post-Pheidian Greek sculptor is Skopas, apparently the first man to bring feeling into art. The period devoted to Italian religious painting has special reference to Giotto, Signorelli, Benozzo Gozzoli, Perugino, and Raphael. The name Raphael suggests the English school known as the pre-Raphaelite, and Professor Hoppin devotes a chapter each to Rossetti and Burne-Jones. Of all the comment in this volume, we like best the pages on the Franciscan period, that "whirlwind of God" to pass over the dry bones of Italian art, a movement which justly centered about St. Francis and brought new life not only into old religious forms, but also into old forms of art-expression. Professor Hoppin's book is one of appreciation rather than criticism.

How to Teach Kitchen-Garden: Including Songs, Plays, Exercises, and Games Illustrating Household Occupations. Illustrated. By Emily Huntington. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 7×10 in. 169 pages. $3, net.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the first kitchen-garden class is marked by the publication of this new edition of the manual containing the six lessons in kitchen-gardening, the songs and music, the games and exercises. Through study of this volume, without having personal instruction or seeing a class at work, an intelligent young woman can fit herself for instructing a group of children in housewifely arts. The Outlook has already described the kitchen-garden work, which needs only description to show the place awaiting it in the training of children. The mission schools have been the first to appreciate its usefulness, but we hope that this branch of industrial training will find its way into the primary departments of girls' schools of every kind. The book is illustrated by photographs of children in broom and dish-washing brigades, and other games and marches of the kitchen-garden, and also contains a complete list of the implements and utensils needed, which may be obtained by addressing Miss Emily Huntington, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York.

History of American Verse (1610-1897). By James L. Onderdonk. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5×8 in. 391 pages. $1.25, net.

Reserved for later notice.

History of Sir Richard Calmady (The). By Lucas Malet. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 673 pages.

We spoke of this novel, considered by many judges the most important of the present season, in our article of last week on the fiction of the early autumn.

Inglenook Tales: When the River Rose. By Jane Ellis Joy. **Ruby, Pearl, and Diamond.** By Emma S. Allen. **The Little Maid of Doubting Castle.** By Mary R. Baker. **Rosy Posey's Mission.** By Louise R. Baker. **Tommy Tucker.** By J. C. Cowdrick. **Beppino.** By Felicia Buttz Clark. **The Upstairs Family.** By Mrs. O. W. Scott. **The Minister's Twins.** By Frank E. Graeff. Eaton & Mains, New York. 5×7½ in. Boxed. Per set, $3.

Intellectual People. By William Adolphus Clark. (Fourth Edition.) The Abbey Press, New York. 5×7½ in. 97 pages. 50c.

In the Days of William the Conqueror. By Eva March Tappan, Ph.D. Illustrated. 4¾×7½ in. 298 pages. $1.

The author of this story makes a brave effort at showing us how life went on in the far-away days of Norman William, and how boys and girls thought on the things that then happened. Many of the names introduced have about them the perennial fascination of romance and legend, and the book makes a happy break amid the ever-increasing stories about historic personages nearer our own time.

Invalid Recipes. By E. E. Mann. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 32 pages. 25c.

Jarvis of Harvard. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 403 pages. $1.50.

Lady Lee, and Other Animal Stories. By Hermon Lee Ensign. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 6¼×8¼ in. 256 pages. $2.

This volume, the work of a man of warm heart, sympathetic mind, and very considerable literary ability, is prefaced by an introductory memoir and by his portrait. The stories, of which there are ten, present the most attractive aspects of animal life; they are sympathetic, kindly, and even tender interpretations of the best in horses, dogs, and other animals. They are entirely unlike all later studies of animal life which have become so popular, but they are equally kindly. In each case the writer approaches his subject as a friend. It is for this reason, probably, that Mr. Ensign saw the best in the brutes he met and studied. That he was a born idealist was evidenced by his determination to read the heroic or the human into every animal with

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which he came in contact. Some of his stories are very touching; others are quite graphic. The volume as a whole could be easily criticised as the work of a man who, in a certain way, holds a brief for his clients; but now that he is gone it is more just and more in sentiment with feeling to recognize the sweetness and humility of a little volume which is an exposition of the writer's kindness of heart.

Laird's Luck and Other Fireside Tales (The). By A. T. Quiller-Couch. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×7¾ in. 379 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Larry Hudson's Ambition. By James Otis. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 261 pages.

Readers familiar with this author's work will not be disappointed with the present story. Showing the country life of boys, and the effect of contact with city life, its pictured scenes are full of vivacity and healthful sentiment.

Last Rebel (The). By Joseph A. Altsbeler. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4½×7¼ in. 219 pages. 50c.

Love Idylls. By S. R. Crockett. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 315 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Crockett is always better in lively and homely tales of Scotch country life than in the heroic, historic, and ultra-romantic. These stories are pleasant reading and are deftly turned as to construction.

Love, the Harvester. By Max Pemberton. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 228 pages. $1.50.

A lively story picturing certain phases of life when George III. was King. The scenes are laid in England, among the landed gentry class. There are hunting, love-making, complications of fortune, and gay outdoor life galore. The story contains many of the intrigues and *contretemps* that make old English comedy entertaining, and is well suited to whiling away some enjoyable hours.

Maggie McLanehan. By Gulielma Zollinger. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 4½×7 in. 319 pages. $1, net.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Alice Caldwell Hegan. The Century Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 153 pages. $1.

Jolly, genial, and full of the milk of human kindness. Since the days of Mrs. Wiggins's "Birds" we have had no more jovial and enjoyable poor folks and poor folks' children than Mrs. Wiggs, her little family and her neighbors.

My Strangest Case. By Guy Boothby. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 300 pages. $1.50.

A detective story of the higher-class type, unusually clever in construction, and of terse and lucid style.

Musical Ministries in the Church. By Waldo Selden Pratt, Mus.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 181 pages. $1, net.

An excellent manual, written by a well-trained expert, for those clergymen and church officers who believe, as we do, that music is a medium of worship too often ignorantly neglected by churches of Puritan ancestry in this country. A minister who prays ungrammatically and who preaches trash is not tolerated. Why should choirs and choirmasters be permitted to violate all the laws of musical expression in their part of the service?

Our Houseboat on the Nile. By Lee Bacon. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5½×8¼ in. 286 pages. $1.75, net.

Mrs. Bacon's book tells the story of a recent dahabiya voyage on the Nile, from Assuan two hundred miles southward to the second cataract. As a picture of boating life on the Nile we know of nothing better; but the book is most valuable because of Mr. Bacon's illustrations. As might be expected from an artist of such worth, they are exactly and exquisitely typical of Egypt. The books should be added to those of Georg Ebers, Mr. Lane-Poole, Miss Edwards, and the others who have brilliantly portrayed actual Egypt for us.

Peggy's Trial. By Mary Knight Potter. Illustrated. (Cosy Corner Series.) L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7¼ in. 97 pages. 50c.

A healthy, sweet little story, tinged with the charm of fairy lore cast about the every-day life and outlook of a little girl.

Physiological Effect of Faith (The). By George E. Gorham, M.D. The Albany News Co., Albany, N. Y. 5½×9 in. 11 pages. 10c.

Few articles printed in The Outlook have attracted more attention or thoughtful interest than this. We are sure that many of our readers will be glad to see it in pamphlet form.

Queen's Comrade (The). By Fitzgerald Molloy. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. In 2 vols. 5½×8½ in. $6, net.

In these beautifully printed volumes there is food alike for the reader of old-time gossip and for the student of more serious history. Concerning the great Duke of Marlborough our principal source of knowledge during the past decade has been Lord Wolseley's admirable "Life." Now we have a biography of the equally famous Duchess. Mr. Molloy's is far from being a new hand at describing women celebrities; witness his "Lady Blessington," "Peg Woffington," and "Court Life Below Stairs." In his latest undertaking he by no means sedulously avoids scandal; and, so it seems to us, often rather disdains to point the moral—it must be admitted that a moral generally disfigures rather than adorns a tale. Yet Mr. Molloy makes no statement without authority; he tells us that many of his statements, heretofore unpublished, are to be found in the thirty-four volumes of manuscript originally collected by the Duchess of Marlborough as materials for the memoirs of her husband. What figures, those two! The Duke, one of the most splendid soldiers in English military history—some would say the most splendid soldier; his Duchess, perhaps the most brilliant of any figure in English social annals. She was born at the time of Charles II., she took some part in the great overturning which came twenty years later, she defied one sovereign, governed another, and lived during six reigns. This story of her life is chiefly a story of one of those reigns, that of Anne, the sovereign upon whom the Duchess exercised such marvelous influence. While the biography professes to avoid poli-

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tics, it throws valuable light not only on the events of Anne's reign, but on the events of the first half of the eighteenth century in England. Great figures step across Mr. Molloy's stage and are made doubly interesting because we see them surrounded by many lesser figures, and note the power of the latter over the former—those lesser figures of sycophants and parasites, conspirators and courtesans, bedchamber women and "whispering clerks of the back stairs."

Quiberon Touch (The). By Cyrus Townsend Brady. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 410 pages. $1.50.

Dr. Brady has written many delightful books for boys, but in this story he appeals to readers of all grades, and it is fitted to find many readers. The scenes open in Brittany, shift to Canada, or New France, at the time that Wolfe was storming and Montcalm defending Quebec. The story closes with the defeat of a French squadron by Admiral Hawkes in Quiberon Bay on the coast of Brittany. The whole interest of the story centers in the love of a young American officer for a daughter of the famous house of De Rohan, whom he first meets playing with her dolls. It is a charming idyllic love story, moving amid the clash of arms and international hate, and it is admirably told.

Rab and His Friends, and Other Stories of Dogs. By John Brown, M.D. Illustrated. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 58 pages.

Road to Frontenac (The). By Samuel Merwin. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 404 pages. $1.50.

A story combined of most stirring adventure and most idyllic love; the scenes being laid in Quebec and along the St. Lawrence towards the end of the seventeenth century. The chief characters are French, amid whom figure a Jesuit and some Indians; and the story contains much of that romantic charm peculiar to early French pioneer life, from whence Longfellow and other of our own poets and story-tellers drew inspiration.

Sartus Resartus; and On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History. By Thomas Carlyle. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 503 pages. $1.50.

Secret Orchard (The). By Agnes and Egerton Castle. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 349 pages.

There is vivacity as well as passion in this story of French and French-American life. The main situation is so strained and abnormal as to be cruel. One shrinks a little from the apparent levity with which moral tragedy and frothy gayety are mingled. There is no question, however, as to the hold of the book on the reader's attention.

Serious Complications. By M. Frances Hanford-Delanoy. Illustrated. The Abbey Press, New York. 5¼×8 in. 196 pages. $1.

Show Dog (The). By H. W. Huntington. Illustrated. The Remington Printing Co., Providence, R. I. 6×9¼ in. 212 pages.

The quick knowledge conveyed by this book's hundred and twenty capital illustrations will be appreciated by all lovers of dogs, and by those who want to know more about dogs. Mr. Huntington's description of the virtues and failings of dogs will give information to many a man who supposes that he is abundantly informed.

South Africa a Century Ago: Letters Written from the Cape of Good Hope (1797-1801). By Lady Anne Barnard. Edited by W. H. Wilkins, M.A., F.S.A. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 316 pages. $2.50, net.

The Boer war has naturally aroused keener interest than has hitherto been taken in the history of South Africa. As an aid to the better understanding of past conditions in that country the present volume will find fit place. Lady Anne Barnard was the author of the popular ballad "Auld Robin Gray," and was a well-known figure in the social and literary world of her day. Her letters to Lord Melville, then British War Secretary, show why he was chiefly responsible for the final English annexation of Cape Colony. The Colony was taken by the English in 1795, restored in 1802, and retaken in 1806. Melville was almost alone among British statesmen in recognizing the importance of England's retention of the Cape, not only because of its value as a station on the way to India, but also because of the Colony's internal resources and possibilities of development. He actually resigned office rather than be party to the cession of the Cape by England to Holland (1802). When Lady Anne Barnard went out to the Colony, Lord Melville asked her to do two things: first, to conciliate the Dutch as much as possible; and, second, to write to him freely about everything that happened. She well fulfilled both wishes. We know that her five years' residence in South Africa did much to break down the division between the English and the Dutch; and after reading letters which cover the administrations of the first two English Governors, Lord Macartney and Sir George Yonge, we can fancy the aid of the letters to the recipient; they are full of vivid description and of shrewd observation, combined with a genuine sympathy for all human kind.

Teller (The). By Edward Noyes Westcott. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 113 pages. $1.

An earlier story than "David Harum" by the author of that singularly fascinating character sketch. It is a slight story and a short one, but it presents an interesting ethical and personal problem, and it bears the mark of an original mind. A sketch of Mr. Westcott's life, with selections from his letters, fills out the volume.

Tom Beauling. By Gouverneur Morris. The Century Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 210 pages. $1.25.

There is a refreshing note of vigor and youth about this tale which leads one to hope for more elaborate and more carefully worked out fiction from this writer. The character-drawing, the dialogue, and the love-making are all capital in a touch-and-go way. In the *dénouement*, however, the reader feels that the author has deliberately fooled him, and doesn't like it.

Unconscious Comedians. By Caroline Duer. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 317 pages. $1.50.

A group of character sketches depicted some-

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what after the manner of the French *causerie*. The personages are all within what is called "society," or what street slang prefers to classify as "the four hundred." The personages who disport themselves before the reader are all seen from the point of view of an intimate looker-on, and are viewed both at home and abroad. The tone is good-natured, amusing, and wholesome.

Via Christi: An Introduction to the Study of Missions. By Louise Manning Hodgkins, M.A. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 251 pages. 50c.

This is the first volume of a series undertaken by the Women's Boards of Missions in interdenominational co-operation to promote a thorough study of Christian missions. It covers the history of these to the nineteenth century, with the missionary history of which the following volumes will deal. While brief in compass, it possesses some original features of decided merit. Not only for these, but for the practical Christian union, which it represents, of bodies that hitherto have worked separately, it deserves adoption throughout the wide constituency for which it has been prepared.

Warwick of the Knobs. By John Uri Lloyd. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 305 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Winsome Womanhood. By Margaret E. Sangster. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 6×9 in. 260 pages. $2.50.

A new and decidedly handsome holiday edition of a book for women which has already received a warm welcome from the public.

Waste Not, Want Not, and Other Stories. By Maria Edgeworth. Illustrated. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. (The Home Library.) 5×8 in. 84 pages.

Word and Phrase: True and False Use in English. By Joseph Fitzgerald, A.M. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5×7¾ in. 420 pages. $1.25, net.

The little books written by Archbishop Trench half a century ago on "English Past and Present," "The Study of Words," etc., were highly useful as well as interesting. All their merits and many fresh ones are to be found in this all-round and up-to-date work by a scholarly and practiced editor of high-class periodicals. An excellent feature of it is that he distributes his subject, as Trench did not—terms of the household and business, of literature, philosophy, science, and the professions, of the Church and religion, are separately treated. Etymology and syntax, orthography and punctuation, also present points for attention. The section on "Ignorantisms" is both amusing and sobering: who is there that it does not prick? The book is well indexed, and most valuable both for reading and for reference.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Kindly advise me whether I can get a history of Russia from its beginning to the present time, in the English and German languages. Where can it be had, price, etc.? O. B.

The standard history of Russia is by M. Rambaud, and is published in French and German. The "International Monthly" (Burlington, Vt.) has recently published a long essay (translated) by M. Rambaud, which may be regarded as an additional chapter to his book. An excellent short history in English is Morfill's "The Story of Russia" (Putnams).

You say in your article on "New Testament Translations" of the Authorized Version, "that will always be the classical New Testament." This seems a somewhat surprising pronouncement. Does it mean that you regard the Authorized Version as upon the whole a better version than the Revised Version? E. T. B.

We regard it as on the whole a less accurate translation, but, by reason of its English and by reason of its place in the history of literature, sure to remain a classic translation.

What is the position of Prince Kropotkin with regard to the use of force and violence? He is often referred to as a philosophical Anarchist and opposed to the use of force, yet in Bliss's Encyclopædia of Social Reform I find him classed as an Anarchist-Communist with Bakunin, Reclus, and others who believe in destruction. E. M. N.

Prince Kropotkin has constantly said in public speeches and in private conversation that he is a philosophical Anarchist, and is opposed to the use of violence and force. We think a fair perusal of his two now famous books, "Fields, Factories, and Workshops" and "The Autobiography of a Revolutionist," will show that he believes in the appeal to reason and not in the appeal to violence for the propagation of his political and economic doctrines. We think he is no more to be classed with incendiaries of the John Most and Emma Goldman type than Abraham Lincoln is to be classed with John Brown.

In your issue of June 15 "H. W. P." answers the question of "E. G. B." as to who was the author of the words, "Sow an act and you reap a habit, etc.," and says that the author was G. D. Boardman; and in your issue of July 6 "J. M. D." declares that Mr. Boardman is not the author; but these words do occur in one of his addresses without quotation marks, and may be found in the "Olive" edition of the Christian Herald Library, in a book entitled "Many Thoughts from Many Minds," page 122, and are as follows: "The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act," etc. In 1896 I heard a sermon in which nearly the same words were used, and the minister attributed them to Carlyle; the only difference was that the line read, "Sow a seed and reap a thought, sow a thought and reap a habit, etc." On Sunday, October 13, in a sermon preached before the students of Princeton University by Dr. Hunter, of Philadelphia, he quoted them as Emerson's. I have read Emerson's Essays several times, but do not remember ever seeing them there. I myself think they are Carlyle's. Would it not be interesting to know who the true author is? C. E. S.

In the number of The Outlook for September 21 was a query as to the author of the quotation, "Disce ut semper victurus, vive ut cras moriturus." The author is Ansaulus de Insulis, and in its English translation it is used by the Mount Hermon school of Mr. Moody. A. H. P.

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Correspondence

Concentration Camps in South Africa

To the Editors of The Outlook:

So much is being said in the United States and Europe regarding the concentration camps in South Africa that I feel impelled to answer Mr. J. V. L. Pruyn's letter published in The Outlook of August 24. The rather vague charges of inhumanity are based on the sensational report of Miss Hobhouse, whose partisanship had been proclaimed from the housetops before she started on her tour. Her mission savors rather of politics, and allowance must be made for bias and ignorance of earlier conditions. The Continental press, without correspondents in the field or any attempt at verification, is filled with vituperation against England that reminds us of their attitude against our intervention in Cuba. But everywhere, for the sake of the suffering Boers who pin their faith on such empty manifestations of sympathy, should the truth be known.

The anti-British press makes no mention of the tons of clothes which English people have given and the Government transported to clothe the families of their enemies. I have spent the last three years in South Africa, enjoying warm friendships with many on both sides. After the fall of Pretoria I was one of the few American women at the center of operations, where we, in company with a large number of British and Dutch helpers on relief committees, have enjoyed every facility when working among the hapless women and children of the burghers. It is a common fashion to speak in Europe of Weylerism (which they once justified) as "surpassed in Africa." Echoes of this reckless sensationalism have reached even America. I am apologist neither for Boer nor Briton in the lamentable war. But just now, while gallant leaders who strove to avert reckless action by Mr. Kruger's advisers are fighting and dying, and the men who did most to provoke belligerent British statesmen to a needless war are living in luxury and security in Europe with Mr. Kruger, The Outlook can play a part by careful investigation. Truth at this juncture is valuable, and endless vilification of England is encouraging the burghers to a useless resistance, as they await the foreign intervention which they are assured, even by Mr. Steyn's last proclamation, is impending, thanks to the efforts of Dr. Leyds and his staff. The fact is that hundreds of women and children have been traveling with the commandos, living in the hills. Of the scores of wagon-loads of women and children I have seen brought in, most were in a filthy, emaciated condition, given a chance of life by falling into British hands. The death-rate, high in normal conditions, has reached ominous proportions in consequence of earlier exposure. In Santiago one hundred deaths per day resulted for weeks after the capitulation, from disease contracted during the exposure and hardships of the non-combatants at Caney. So also in South Africa. The mortality of children has been alarmingly increased by epidemics of measles and whooping-cough. Yet the figures sound less when, with due allowance of conditions, they are compared with the infant death-rate in Brooklyn during the hot weather.

Many Boer farms are mere hovels with mud floors. The farmers take their families for months in ox-wagons on the trek. Thus to them the double tents carefully boarded and the iron-roofed shelters of the camp, with regulation rations, entail no great hardship, though separation from sons and husbands, and absence from homes, however humble, are terrible trials to many. In all large camps schools are established by the authorities, the children showing wonderful aptitude, though few have ever attended school before. Good hospitals are provided, and a very liberal allowance of plain food. The only complaint one hears is against the war.

But camps and army depend on a single line of rail for all supplies. Almost every day the line is wrecked, a train derailed, or a food train captured. I could name a dozen cases where army Red Cross cars have been deliberately wrecked, and when the attendants begged their captors to spare medical delicacies, malted milk, and clothing for the concentration camps, in every case recorded the desperadoes who disgrace the Boer cause have deliberately

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looted and destroyed supplies going to the wives and families of the burghers.

Just before starting for home last month I visited the camps at Port Elizabeth, where the conditions are at their best. For dinner the women had army pea-soup, hot mutton, pototoes, coffee, and half-rations both of fresh bread and crackers. Excellent shelters are provided and a large amount of freedom, many women working in the towns. Not far away are the settlements of loyalist refugees. Mr. James Barnes can tell you how they were driven out two years ago. Fifty thousand were rendered homeless, their property commandeered, and they driven forth. They have no claim on the British Government, and have subsisted on the charity of friends and the people of England. Refined ladies are working as servants; many are quite destitute, as relief can be given now only to few. Yet Miss Hobhouse has nothing to say of these people, many her countrywomen.

A constant complaint of intelligent Boers is that their private funds in the Transvaal banks, which the British would have respected, were removed by Mr. Kruger before his flight. Also that he paid off the claims of burgher wives in worthless paper, retaining the gold. On the proceeds of the National Treasury, the property of the Republic, a few men, notably Hollanders, are living in luxurious security in Europe, while the steadfast Boers fight and starve. Thousands of dollars contributed to the cause by Americans and others may help futile intrigues by the Boer envoys in Europe, but the true Boers derive no benefit.

EMILY HOWARD BROWER.

Thackray's Hotel, Great Russell Street,
London, W. C.

Industrial Education for Southern Whites

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Last spring you were kind enough to refer to the work being done for white youth at the Southern Industrial Institute, Camp Hill, Alabama.

The school is in its fourth year, and is chartered by the State. We are trying to do precisely for the white youth what is being done so admirably for the black youth at Hampton and Tuskegee. We have four hundred acres of land, and a large building has been erected entirely by student labor. Our students operate a woodyard and sawmill, and cultivate about sixty acres of land. These students are willing to do any kind of work that falls to their lot to perform. More appeals than we are able to entertain come to us from boys and girls who would enter our school. Nearly four-fifths of our children of school age live in the country. The country is so vast and so sparsely settled that our public-school system is not strongly developed. Then the pillagings of war have also made their mark upon us.

We are in need of funds for current expenses. Seventy dollars educates one student for a year.

Our idea is to own our own land, raise our own food, and make our own buildings, furniture, apparatus, etc. The real importance of this work cannot be overstated. We undertake to give rudimentary English training. We teach economy and perseverance. We teach these boys and girls how to help themselves. They are then sent out to help others. It is a patriotic privilege to help in this matter. I am permitted to give the name of the Rev. R. C. Bedford, of Tuskegee, Alabama, for nineteen years Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Tuskegee Normal Institute, as reference.

Any so desiring may address me at Camp Hill, Alabama.

LYMAN WARD, Principal.

The Methodist Church and Divorce

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In a recent number of The Outlook I notice, in an article under the title "The Episcopal Triennial Convention," the statement that that Church stands in the lead in the matter of its relation to divorce, on the ground that its clergy are under certain restrictions touching the marriage of divorced persons. Permit me to call your attention to the fact that the author of the most interesting article in question is either not informed or has forgotten that the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church has for years placed the same restrictions upon its ministry. (Discipline, section 39, page 34.)

I take the liberty of making this correction because of the widespread opinion that the Methodist Church is lax concerning a matter in relation to which it is certainly in the front rank of Protestantism.

CLARENCE E. ALLEN,

Saginaw, Mich.

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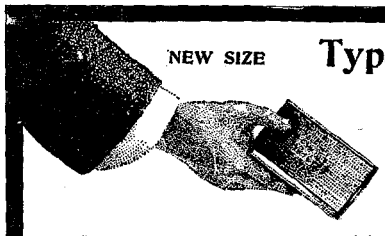

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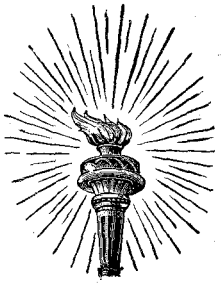

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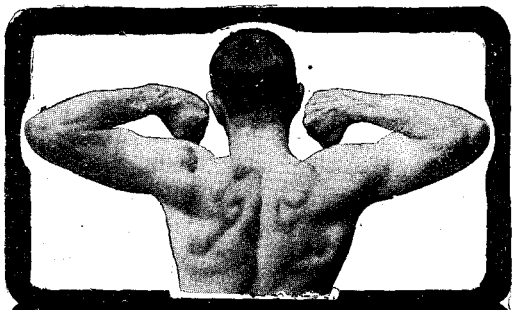

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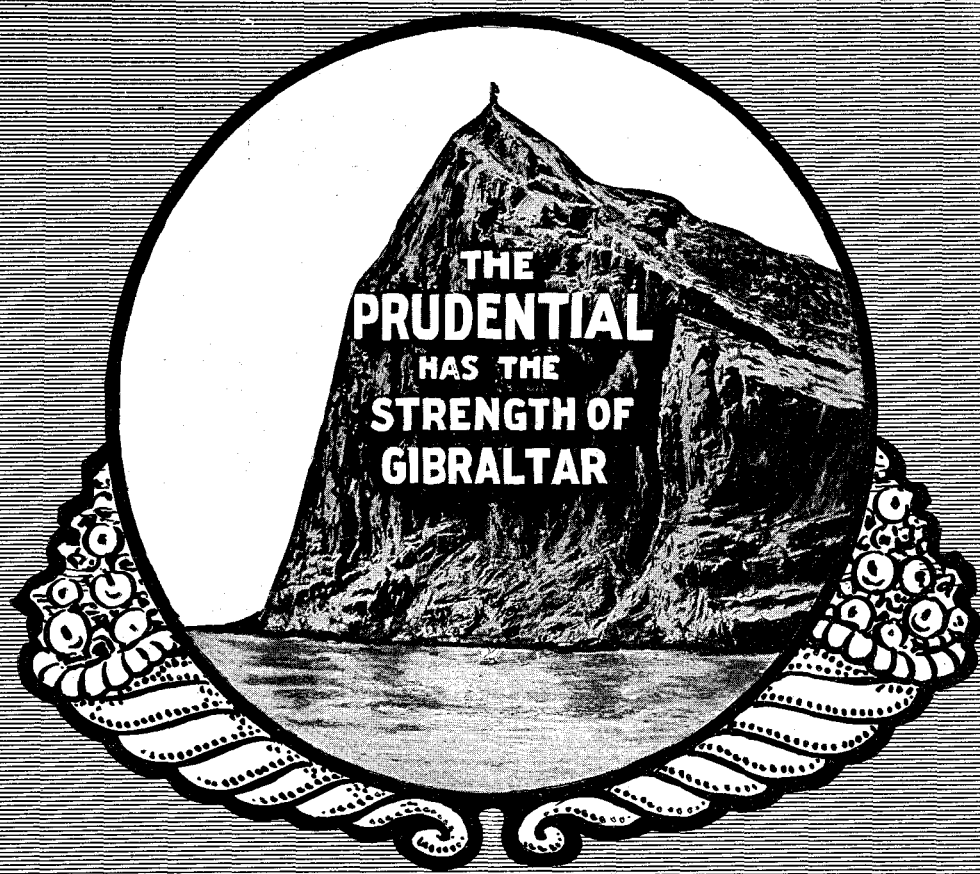

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